THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CII.—No. 1322.

APRIL 17, 1929

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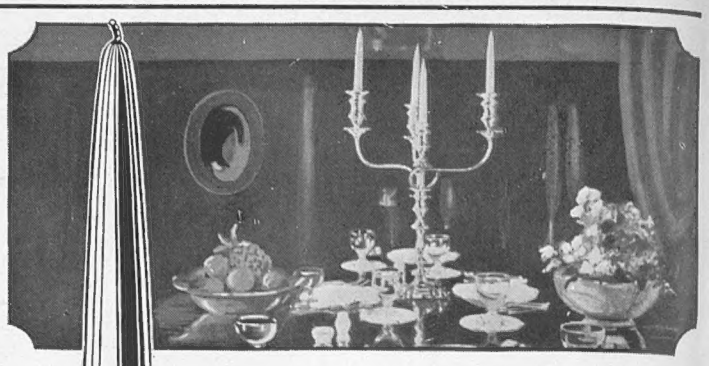

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The Bystander, April 17, 1929

No. 1322. Vol. CII.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALBERT BAILEY

THE CAUSE OF THE CRASH

Miss Binnie Hale
In
"Mr. Cinders"

Taking the second jump in the Farmers' race at the last Point-to-Point to be held by Lord Fitzwilliam's Wentworth Hunt, which took place near Rotherham. This hunt is closing down owing to industrial invasion

The Passing Hour

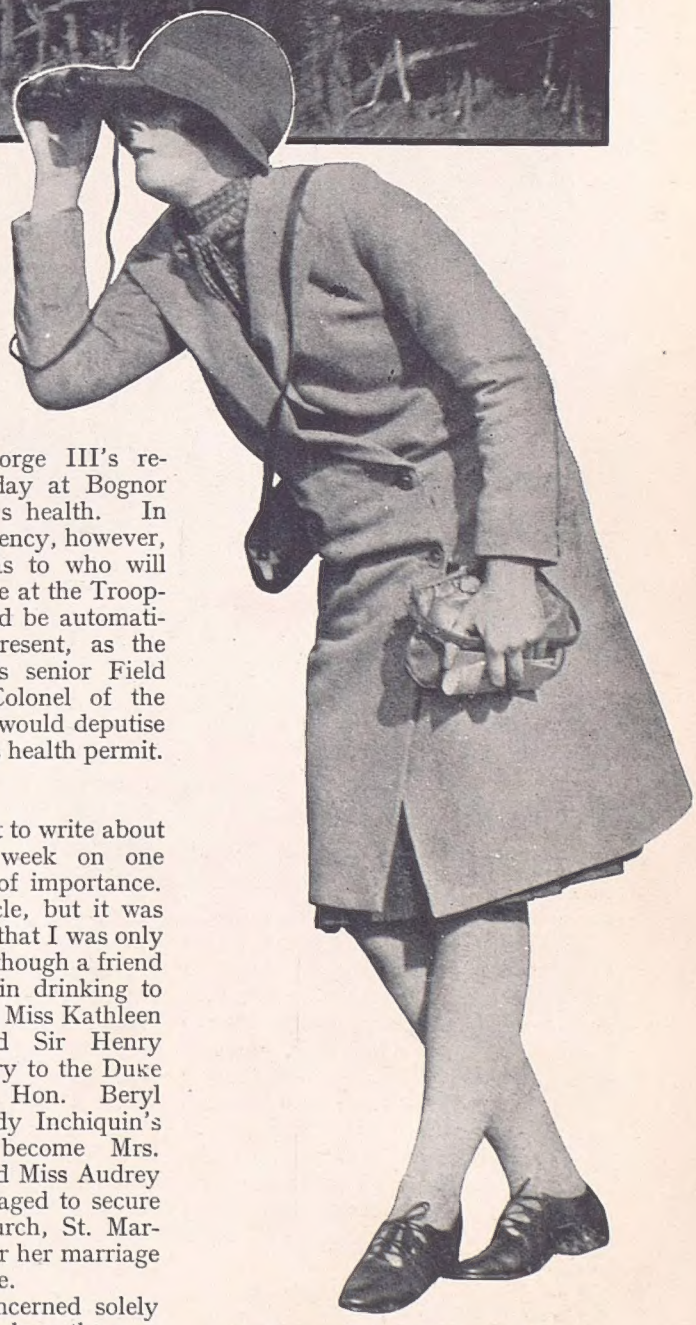
The Question of a Regency

WHAT has been in the minds of many during the past weeks has now filtered through into the Press—the possibility of Parliament considering the advisability of appointing a Regency. This on the grounds that should the Election deny any Party a definite majority it would deprive the existing Council of State, which includes the present Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, of its proper authority, and to meet those circumstances the King's, or his Regent's, intervention would be of vital urgency. The King has recovered health to an extent that his physicians hardly thought possible in so comparatively short a convalescence, but, as they emphasise in the bulletins, his activities must in no way involve any sustained effort of energy. One has to go back for the precedent of a Regent in this country to George the Third's reign, when his heir, who later became George IV, was made Prince Regent; but the analogy differs, for then no hope could be entertained of George III's recovery, while every day at Bognor improves His Majesty's health. In the event of such a Regency, however, the present question as to who will assume the King's place at the Trooping of the Colour would be automatically decided. At present, as the Duke of Connaught is senior Field Marshal and senior Colonel of the Brigade of Guards, he would deputise for the King, should his health permit.

Three Weddings

IT is always so difficult to write about a wedding. Last week on one day there were three of importance. That trebles the obstacle, but it was partly solved for me in that I was only invited to one of them, though a friend told me he succeeded in drinking to the lasting happiness of Miss Kathleen Gretton, who married Sir Henry Floyd, a former Equerry to the Duke of Gloucester; the Hon. Beryl O'Brien, Lord and Lady Inchiquin's daughter, who has become Mrs. J. F. P. Gallagher; and Miss Audrey Kidston, who had managed to secure that very favourite church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, for her marriage to Mr. Anthony Bellville.

My presence was concerned solely with the last wedding, where the customary formality of the occasion was enlivened by a sight of the beautiful

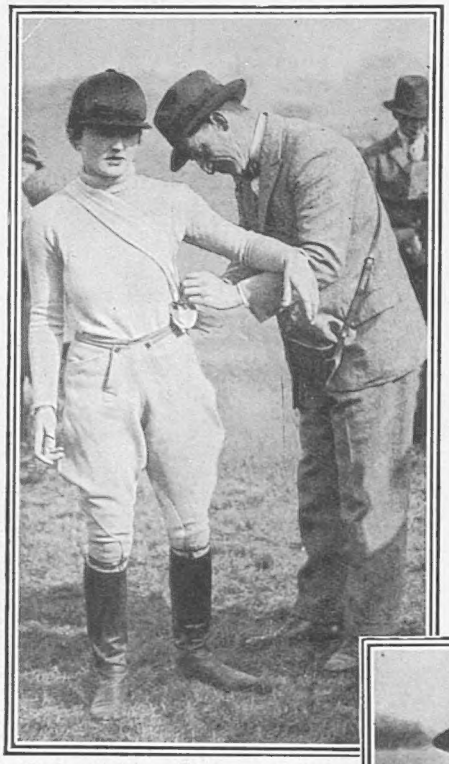


THE ENTHUSIASTIC FOLLOWER

A study of Lady Anne Hope at the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Point-to-Point

CELEBRITIES IN THE STALLS

Miss Coral Pinckard, the daughter of Mr. George Pinckard, J.P., and Mrs. Pinckard, of Chesterfield Street, W.1, whose portrait is being hung in the Royal Academy this year, is one of the Season's debutantes. She has just returned from California, and a dance was given for her last Friday



Miss B. E. Mann Thomson having her sash adjusted before riding in a ladies' race at the Atherstone Hunt Point-to-Point. The racing took place at Thorpe Constantine, near Tamworth

Countess Howe—remembered so long as Viscountess Curzon—for the first time since her retirement into a nursing home. Release from its captivity gives back to London one of its most decorative and fascinating hostesses.

The reception was held in a house in Grosvenor Square that had been taken for the occasion, and where the presents were displayed might well have been mistaken for a saddlery, so many gifts were there of equipment for the chase. Lady Darnley, the bride's sister, Lord and Lady St. John of Bletso, Lord Caledon, Lord and Lady Darnley, and Sir John Milbanke were among the many guests, as well, of course, as many Kidstons and Bellvilles.

A Hunting Dilemma

THERE were at this wedding, as both bride and bridegroom are seldom far from hounds during the season, many hunting people, and in conversation one observed increasing concern at the attitude many farmers are taking towards hunting and at the news that a farmer in the Pytchley country has forbidden the pack to cross his land. A week previously a Taunton landowner requested his tenants to shoot any foxes they saw on his estate. Only the other day a big farmer in Cambridgeshire was telling me that the hunt damaged farmers' property and, moreover, failed to kill sufficient foxes to protect his poultry, and elsewhere there seems to be a growing feeling among farmers, other than those who have always been brought up to hunt, that fox-hunting was a nuisance and that foxes should be shot.

Industrialism and the spread of towns are other threats to hunting, and it is this that is causing Lord Fitzwilliam to disband his pack at the end of this season. That the future will see the disappearance of other hunts seems a likelihood.

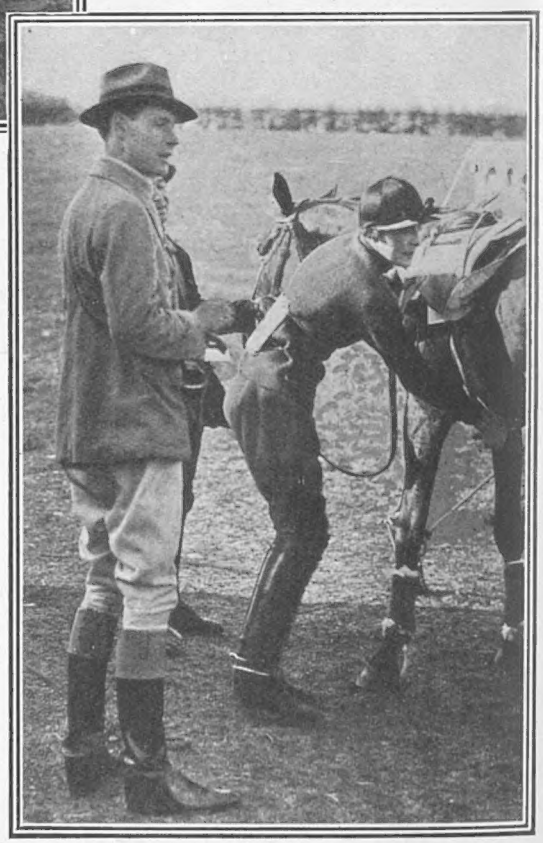
A First Night

IT is not usual that within a fortnight London is given the spectacular first-nights of two such productions as *Wake Up and Dream!* and *Porgy*. I doubt if even Mr. Cochran has previously exceeded this achievement. *Porgy* did not attract such a dazzling audience as the *première* at the London Pavilion, but that at His Majesty's afforded the enlightening spectacle of Capitalist and Socialist side by side in amiable conversation—I mean, Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. H. G. Wells: and it was Mr. Wells who wore the fur coat! The invasion of the stalls during the interval produced this delicious dialogue, which I feel I should repeat: "There's Lady Chipps." "No, Fripps." "No, no; the Marchioness of Westminster that was." Eventually they got it right, to the Hon. Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps's advantage.

I saw also Mr. Noel Coward, somehow managing to look sunburnt; Mrs. Filmer Wilson; Mr. Selfridge, who never misses a first night, and his daughter, Princess Wiasemsky; and the haunting features of Mrs. Ivor Back. I liked Mr. Wells's remark, as he left: "I'm afraid I'm on the cold-blooded side of life for this sort of thing," he said.

Sir Austen Abroad

THE English residents in Florence, I hear, are not at all pleased with Sir Austen Chamberlain. Though he



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bellville, whose marriage was one of the social features of last week, seen at Colonel Part's Harriers private Point-to-Point at Billington before their marriage. Mrs. Bellville, who was Miss Audrey Kidston, was awarded the Air League Scholarship at the London Club

STORMY TIMES IN SOUTH KENSINGTON

found time to review Italian Boy Scouts—a Fascisti organisation called the Avanguardisti—he declined the British Consul's invitation to attend a dinner from prominent English people out there. It is really rather typical of his foreign policy, so eager to embrace the whole of Western Europe, so keen to bind our fortunes with those of the Continent, so proud of having made us, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, "a province of France," and so oblivious of the fact that it is all to their advantage and so little to ours. His fervour to encompass our European absorption almost approximates to the cherished aim of the Communists.

The Marchioness of Headfort has been a recent visitor at Florence, and Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell have been spending the early spring in an hotel before moving out to their magnificent Castello Monte Gufoni, where Sir George has a most remarkable collection of armour and mediæval beds. I believe it was the wife of D. H. Lawrence who asked if they were fitted with springs! Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell, it will no doubt have been guessed, are the parents of the writers who have achieved some contemporary celebrity in London.

The South Kensington Storm

ALTHOUGH the daily papers indulged in many non-committal opinions upon the South Kensington storm that is still blowing in consequence of Sir William Davison's intention to stand for Parliament, despite the divorce that has cast a smudge upon his domestic escutcheon, it was your Bystander that first expressed a downright criticism of the stupidity and unfairness of the women voters who protested against Sir William's renomination as their candidate. Only now that the local Conservative Association has decided to back him does the *Evening Standard* permit itself the commentary: "Whatever we may think about the sanctity of marriage, it is high time that this unholy and tiresome union of a man's public life and his private affairs was dissolved." We risked a volume of angry protest by saying the same thing three weeks ago.

Miss Wilma Vickers, whose engagement to Earl Cawdor was recently announced. Their marriage will take place at Aldenham Church, Hertfordshire, on May 15

Lord Northesk, who is well known as a winter sports expert, and Miss Betty Vlasto, a cousin of the lawn tennis star, whose engagement has been announced. The photograph was taken at the latter's home, Binfield Park, Berkshire

MISS SAMMUT

Whose engagement to Lord Tennyson will, it is said, be announced shortly. Lord Tennyson, who recently succeeded to the title, is the well-known cricketer who captains Hampshire

An Academy Picture

CANNES will be seen in the Academy this year. Sir John Lavery has painted a scene of one of the tennis courts and included in it several of those whose faces are familiar wherever the Riviera courts are found. At Cannes, too, they have just opened the new "Palm Beach Casino" at the extremity of the Cap de la Croisette, an indication of the revolutionary change that has transformed the past emptiness of the summer-time Riviera into a popularity even exceeding that of its winter season.

The opening night saw the Duchess of Sutherland dining amidst the ultra-modernity of the new Casino's decorations, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Prince and Princess Obolensky

SOME PARLIAMENTARY ASPIRANTS

Claud Harris

Miss Adeline Hook, who is to appear in "Warren Hastings," a new historical play by Harold Peacey. It is to be performed at a charity matinee at Wyndham's Theatre, in aid of the Seamen's Hospital Society, Greenwich, on April 23

and Miss Elsa Maxwell, who has done so much to remove the fashionable popularity of Venice to the Riviera, even spreading the sensational but imaginative story that Monte Carlo would have a rubber beach!

A Blue-eyed Egyptian Prince

THIS year's Academy will see again the work of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. Frank Brangwyn, which was absent from last year's exhibition, but two pictures that will not be hung there are portraits of King Fuad of Egypt and his son and heir, Prince Farouq, which Philip de Laszlo has just finished. They will be exhibited in a private show in May. I had the privilege of seeing them at a recent visit to the Egyptian Legation at Bute House. The one of Prince Farouq is exceptionally interesting. One finds oneself looking with surprise at a blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, of Nordic rather than Arabic colouring. He would appear to be fourteen, but that is the effect of swifter maturity of a hot country; actually he is only nine.

The hereditary origin of the Prince's fair hair and eyes is exceptionally interesting. A General Sève, who had accompanied Napoleon on his futile campaign in Egypt, later returned there, having a liking for both place and people, after his master had been incarcerated in Elba. He became the Chief of the Egyptian Army, even led them through a war against the Turks, and was granted the title of Suliman Pasha, and this Suliman Pasha's daughter was the grandmother of the present Queen of Egypt. Hence her son's blue eyes.

NEXT WEEK'S
BYSTANDER
includes contributions from the following well-known authors and artists.
CLEMENCE DANE
J. HASTINGS TURNER
ETHEL MANNIN
HANNEN SWAFFER
and
H. H. HARRIS
who contributes an amusing double golfers' page in full colour on playing for the
RYDER CUP

Young Politicians

IF many of the prospective Conservative and Liberal candidates are returned at the next Election the House of Commons will resemble nothing so much as one of the Oxford or Cambridge debating societies. Two of the youngest are Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith — on his election posters it will almost appear as if he is inviting votes for three different candidates— the son of that celebrated and cultured lady, Lady Juliet Duff, and Mr. Richard Acland, who is to contest Plymouth for the Liberals, and whose father, Sir Francis Acland, is to fight for a seat in the North. Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith and Mr. Richard Acland are almost of identical ages, twenty-one, but not of identical politics, Sir Michael advocating the Conservative cause. Two other young Liberals are Mr. Ronald Haylor, who will make a determined assault on the Conservative majority now existing at Windsor, and Mr. Aubrey Herbert, an ex-President of the Oxford Union, who is standing for Chester.

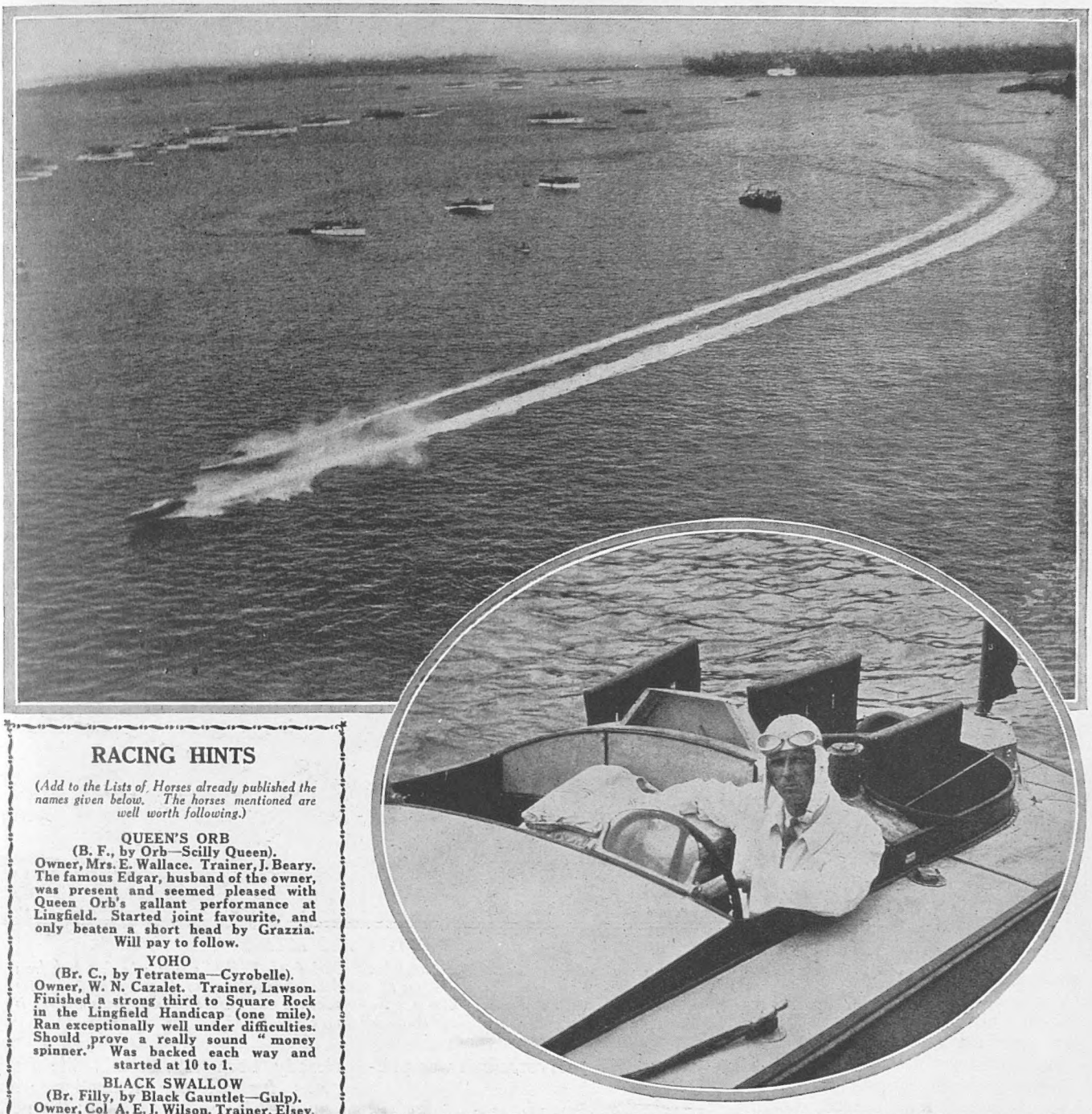
Beauty and Frocks at May Fair

IT was a day last week when the whole of winter suddenly returned with Arctic vehemence, so that the gold and the green and the garden atmosphere of the May Fair was a summer shelter from the lash of the east wind. One had gone there, of course, to watch the passing of the collection, to borrow the couturier's phrase, of M. Worth's frocks, and gone, not unnaturally, with that trepidation that assails the masculine heart when outnumbered by his sisters and confronted with the necessity of thinking about the dresses—and not the mannequin! Yet the poorest of clothes upon the loveliest of manne-

AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE CHASES

In the left-hand picture Lady Mary Herbert, Colonel J. Herbert and Miss Grenfell are seen watching the racing which took place at Hawthorn Hill, while in the right-hand photograph, Mr. Gordon Lennox and the Hon. Mrs. Brassey are seen in the Members' Enclosure at the same meeting

THE WORTH FASHION SHOW



Major H. O. D. Segrave, photographed in his speed boat Miss England, in which he beat Mr. Gar Wood for the International title. Above is an aerial view of the racing in progress at Miami, Florida

RACING HINTS

(Add to the Lists of Horses already published the names given below. The horses mentioned are well worth following.)

QUEEN'S ORB
(B. F., by Orb—Scilly Queen).
Owner, Mrs. E. Wallace. Trainer, J. Beary. The famous Edgar, husband of the owner, was present and seemed pleased with Queen Orb's gallant performance at Lingfield. Started joint favourite, and only beaten a short head by Grazzia. Will pay to follow.

YOHO
(Br. C., by Tetratema—Cyrobelle).
Owner, W. N. Cazalet. Trainer, Lawson. Finished a strong third to Square Rock in the Lingfield Handicap (one mile). Ran exceptionally well under difficulties. Should prove a really sound "money spinner." Was backed each way and started at 10 to 1.

BLACK SWALLOW
(Br. Filly, by Black Gauntlet—Gulp).
Owner, Col A. E. J. Wilson. Trainer, Elsey. Finished fourth in the Pontefract Handicap (one mile). Started favourite, after substantial investments from "The Blower" had been made. Keep an eye on her in the North.

NO NAME
(Ch. G., by Sirrah—Lady Crank).
Owner, Lord W. de Broke. Trainer, H. Leader.
Was well backed in the Grove Park Plate at Warwick, and finished third. After being supported at 4 to 1, money came for another fancied horse, and No Name went out to 6 to 1. Back each way next time out.

AROOSBOOK
(Ch. C., by Diligence—Lisvarne).
Owner, Lord Beaverbrook. Trainer, Wootton.
Was supported substantially in the Four Elms Plate at Lingfield, but was left at the post. He should not be long in getting back the money lost.

FLASH TOY
(Ch. C., by Yutoi—Dame Alice).
Owner, Mr. C. Wadia. Trainer, Moloney. Was backed like a certainty in the Cheddingstone Plate (one and a half miles) at Lingfield on April 5th. Finished second very strongly. Should be followed in distance races.

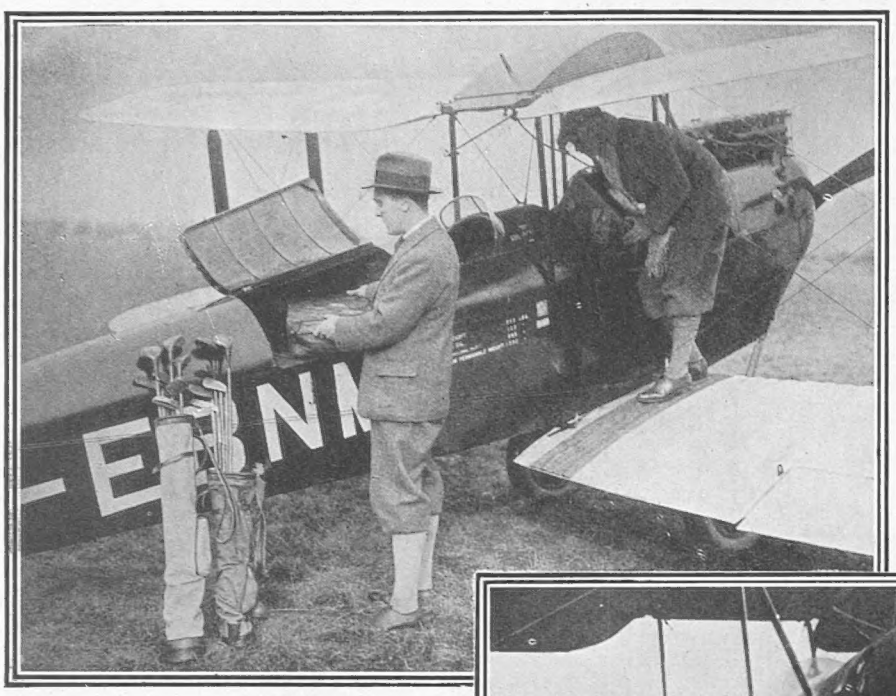
quins can fire the desire of purchase even in a woman, and, I dare add, mislead her into the frequent mistake of thinking she can wear the frock with equal captivation. My embarrassment was mitigated by the company of other men and by the comments of Lady Alexander, herself in a pretty fancy of the dressmaker's imagination, as well as a fleeting glimpse of the Hon. Lionel Guest, apart from that I hope my enthusiasms were confined strictly to the art of M. Worth. His day clothes I found all delightful, and for the evening and for the Courts he certainly proved equally successful. Only the regrettable absence of my cheque book, however, prevented my taking away his chinchilla wrap on the spot.

A Genius

M. Worth is undoubtedly a genius and seems to possess an absolutely uncanny ability to design costumes which are not only entirely original and unlike those designed by a large number of costumiers who will later slavishly imitate him. He has that sixth sense which enables him instinctively to hit upon novel ideas which, far from being bizarre in their novelty, prompt others to say "Now, why on earth didn't *I* think of that!"

TWO NOTABLE MESSAGES TO "THE BYSTANDER"

We have pleasure in printing below messages received from Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., G.B.E., C.M.G., Under-Secretary for Air, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, K.C.B., A.F.C., Director of Civil Aviation, regarding our Special Aviation Number.



FLYING FOR THE MILLION

In the upper photograph Capt. C. S. Barnard, the Duchess of Bedford's pilot, who flew back from India in four and a half days, is seen packing his golf clubs before flying off to the course for his morning round. Below, Mr. Robin Sanders-Clarke, a Rugby schoolboy who learnt to fly during the holidays, is seen beside his machine

Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary for Air, has been good enough to send the following message to our readers in connection with this week's special Aviation Number of THE BYSTANDER.

IN publishing a special Aviation Number, THE BYSTANDER is giving proof of its policy of providing its readers with the most up-to-date information upon subjects of special public interest and importance, a policy to which expression is already given in the regular aviation features which THE BYSTANDER publishes.

The growth of the Light Aeroplane Clubs, the inauguration of National Flying Services, Ltd., and the increase in the number of owners of private aircraft, are all facts bearing witness to the extent to which flying is developing within this country, while the increasing importance of air communications for the Empire overseas is indicated by the air route to India, which has just been successfully opened and by the proposed air line to South Africa.

THE BYSTANDER is, therefore, to be congratulated on arranging for the latest developments in air matters to be put attractively and authoritatively before its readers.

Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, has kindly sent us the following message:—

TIME flies, and it seems only a few days ago that the first aviation number of THE BYSTANDER was published.

I am very glad to hear that the policy of producing an issue especially devoted to aviation is to be continued.

The sporting side of British aviation developed vigorously during 1928, and 1929 looks like being a bumper year in British civil aviation generally. Our air mail to India has already been established; the final plans for air communication with South Africa will be settled; the new company, National Flying Services, whose object is the creation of many new aerodromes and private fliers, will be brought into operation; the two big airships will be launched.

The Schneider Cup will be flown in September. During July an Aeronautical Exhibition will be held in London.

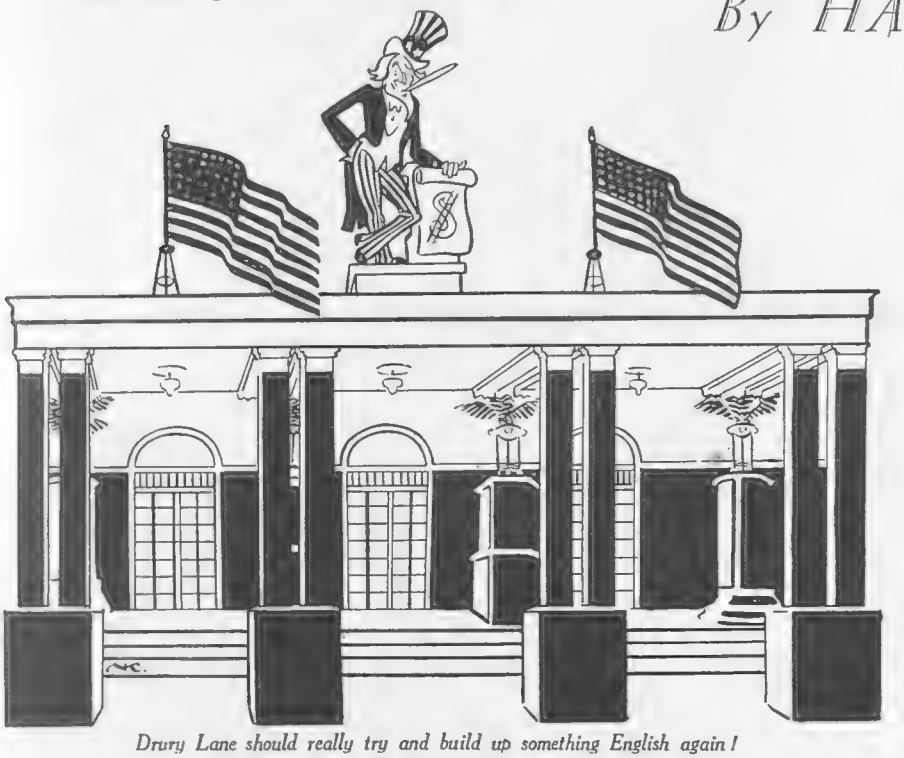
I hope (continues Sir Sefton) that THE BYSTANDER, in this praiseworthy endeavour to let the British public know more about flying, may find it expedient to publish yet another special aviation number in 1929, when some of these various activities will have actually come about.

Special Aviation Articles and Illustrations are on pages 139, 140, 141, 142, 145, 146, 149, 151, 152, 155 *and* 156.

A PERI OUTSIDE PARADISE

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

By HANNEN SWAFFER



Drury Lane should really try and build up something English again!

MERELY so that they could sit in the front row on the first night of *The New Moon*, women and girls waited outside Drury Lane—or they say they did—for thirty-four hours! They played draughts, and sat in them, and they were photographed. Reporters interviewed them. They were famous for one whole day.

I did not even go. I was a peri outside Paradise . . . .

THE management and I are not on very friendly terms—at least, they are not. I feel on good terms with everybody. I get tired of misunderstandings, so tired, in fact, that, before long, I begin to accept the other man's point of view.

When Arthur Hopkins was last in London—he came to bring *Anna Christie*—Charles Cochran expressed surprise to him that, although he had not invited me to his theatre, I had gone with a paid-for seat and given the play its best notice. Not long after, Mr. Cochran himself turned me out of the London Pavilion, when I walked in with a paid-for seat for the first night of *Dover Street to Dixie*.

Well, now Arthur Hopkins is back again, this time with *Paris Bound*, and, when he went to the first night of the new London Pavilion revue, he found me not only friendly with Cochran again, but one of the few characters impersonated upon his stage.

THESE misunderstandings come and go. It was because I said frank things about the comedy in *The Beauty Prize*, a musical comedy, that I was barred from *Hassan*, a tragedy, at His Majesty's Theatre!

"I have never heard of such a thing," said Basil Dean, who produced it.

The time came when Basil himself barred me from several of his own productions.

We are on good terms again now, so I merely mention it. You never know who the next one will be, nor how long it will last.

PERSONALLY, I do not get nearly so excited over a new Drury Lane show as do the gallery crowd, who wait all day, this although there is usually room an hour before.

"Why do we wait so long?" echoed one of the women, when interviewed, after she had been waiting thirty hours. "Because later it will be impossible to get a good seat. We must have a front row seat to-night." So she gave up, in waiting, pounds' worth of time, sleep that you could not value, patience that could not be priced.

LET me make a confession never whispered before. Lee Ephraim sent me two seats for *Rose Marie* on the first night, this when I was not doing criticisms, but just because he liked me.

"I do value your opinion," he said.

As I was dining out that night I gave the seats away, but did not dare to let him know. When, the next day at lunch, I saw him, Lee said, "Well, now, Hannen, tell me the truth. What did you think of it?"

"Fine!" I replied. . . . "Splendid!"

"Really?" he asked.

"Really," I assured him.

I did not know that the Totem Girls had saved the show. I did not know anything, and I did not care, except that I liked Lee.

"You must come and see it again when it is in real shape," he said.

Two or three weeks later I had to go. Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim took me and sat me in the Royal box, where I could not escape because I was in full public view. Yes, I sat it all through.

"How do you like it now, Swaff?" Lee kept on asking.

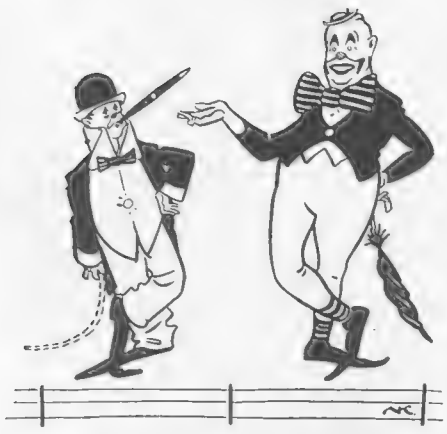
"It's much better than on the first night," I replied, "much better."

ON the last night of *Rose Marie* you never saw such a fuss. You would really have thought it was a good show. Oh, the bouquets they carted up! Oh, the cheers! Oh, the tears! Edith Day, I remember, made a very tactful remark—something about the chorus. On the first night, you know, when she took the call, it was the chorus whom the gallery shouted for. Edith Day remembered . . . .

What are you to say of these mammoth spectacles? The second one, *The Desert Song*, had one of the silliest books known for years. Also, it was anti-French. Yet it ran for a year.

As for *Show Boat*, the third of these, it was drastically revised the moment the American producer went home. On the first night it seemed interminable. Paul Robeson, a negro, saved it.

DRURY LANE has now built up a clientele that seems to like the American sort of thing it gets. Years ago it seemed to like pantomime. Yet my memory of the critics is that, in those days, they used to go along on Boxing Night and groan, and then write long eulogies which to-day would seem unbelievable. A Drury Lane pantomime went on for ever.



"Years ago it seemed to like pantomime"

Indeed, Arthur Collins used to take his call after the first half!

"What time is it?" asked Herman Finck's wife once, when they came out early the next morning.

"What *time* is it?" Herman echoed. "You mean what *day* is it?"

Drury Lane pantomime was more or less a tradition that no one dared to expose.

WELL, I thought over some of these things when, the other night, I was a peri outside Paradise. Now, what on earth can a man do, in London, on the first night of *The New Moon* if he cannot go to see the show? He would feel an awful cad if he wasn't there, wouldn't he? He would have nothing to talk about the next day. If people asked him what Evelyn Laye was like, all he could say would be he was sorry but he hadn't read the papers.

I BELONG to the Knockers' Club, of course, and so I had early information. The Knockers' Club consists of most of the managers who have not produced a show that night, agents who have not booked any artists, out-of-work actors, authors whose books have been rejected lately, and various other people who have had free seats.

"Dull!" said the Knockers' Club unanimously of *The New Moon*. They said it of *Rose Marie*, and it ran for two years. . . .

"Romberg's music is reminiscent," they said. "Besides, what a book! Would Drury Lane have accepted that if some Englishman had written it?"

THE romance of *Rose Marie* and *The New Moon* is extraordinary.

When I was dining with Arthur Hammerstein one night we saw Bernhard Baron at an adjoining table. I introduced the two.

"You don't remember it, of course," said Baron, "but your father and I used to cut cigars side by side when we were boys."

Baron came to England with a cigarette-making machine. Oscar Hammerstein came here and built the London Opera House, with his own bust outside. He went bust himself in consequence. Baron fought the tobacco ring and then became a millionaire. Hammerstein lost his money and went home.

Now, his grandson, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, writes Drury Lane's successes, with Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab to help him, while his father, the first Oscar's son, sells Drury Lane his shows and sits back, roaring with laughter.

I would not say a thing that would antagonise, but I do feel that Drury Lane, one of the Empire's shop windows, should really try and build up something English again.

Sir Alfred Butt justifies himself as a manager by employing three times the number of people whom Drury Lane employed in the old days, and by keeping the theatre open all the year round.

He cannot find any books in England, he says.

"I cannot help wondering what a Drury Lane management, past or present, would have said to any English author or authors who dared to submit such a vague, involved, often undramatic, and often unheroic play-script as this," says Chance Newton, a very kindly critic, in his notice of *The New Moon*.

STILL, I am a peri outside Paradise. So I must not complain. I remember when Cochran threw me out of *Dover Street to Dixie* I went straight back to the Savoy Hotel.

"Why ever don't you sue him?" said Albert de Courville, who seemed to enjoy the joke.

"To tell you the truth, I nearly threw myself out," I replied.

The Second Man management told me that it was because Noel Coward had a long and trying part that he did not want me in the theatre.

"He says he could not act if you were there," they said. "But you can have a box or the whole front row of the stalls on the second night."

Noel forgot that when he appeared in *The Constant Nymph* I gave him such a glowing notice that he thanked me for it.

WHEN Evelyn Laye succeeded Winnie Melville in *Princess Charming*, Clayton and Waller wanted some other critic to go because I had taken Winnie Melville's side. So, when I was ordered to go—I was not going originally—I was almost the only critic who wrote anything about Evelyn Laye's appearance. It was a frantic eulogy.

"We feel that you always say what you think, regardless of friendship," said Herbert Clayton to me a few weeks ago.

"Swaff, you have been a very good friend to our firm," said William Mollison, the morning after *Merry Merry* was first seen. Yet I was one of the few who sloshed their show *Good News*.

I never know . . . .

I DO not suppose my being barred from *Hassan* made the management lose less money—and they took a lot. It was not because of my notice that *Afraid of the Dark* took only £2 5s. on its last night.

Yet managers invariably blame me.

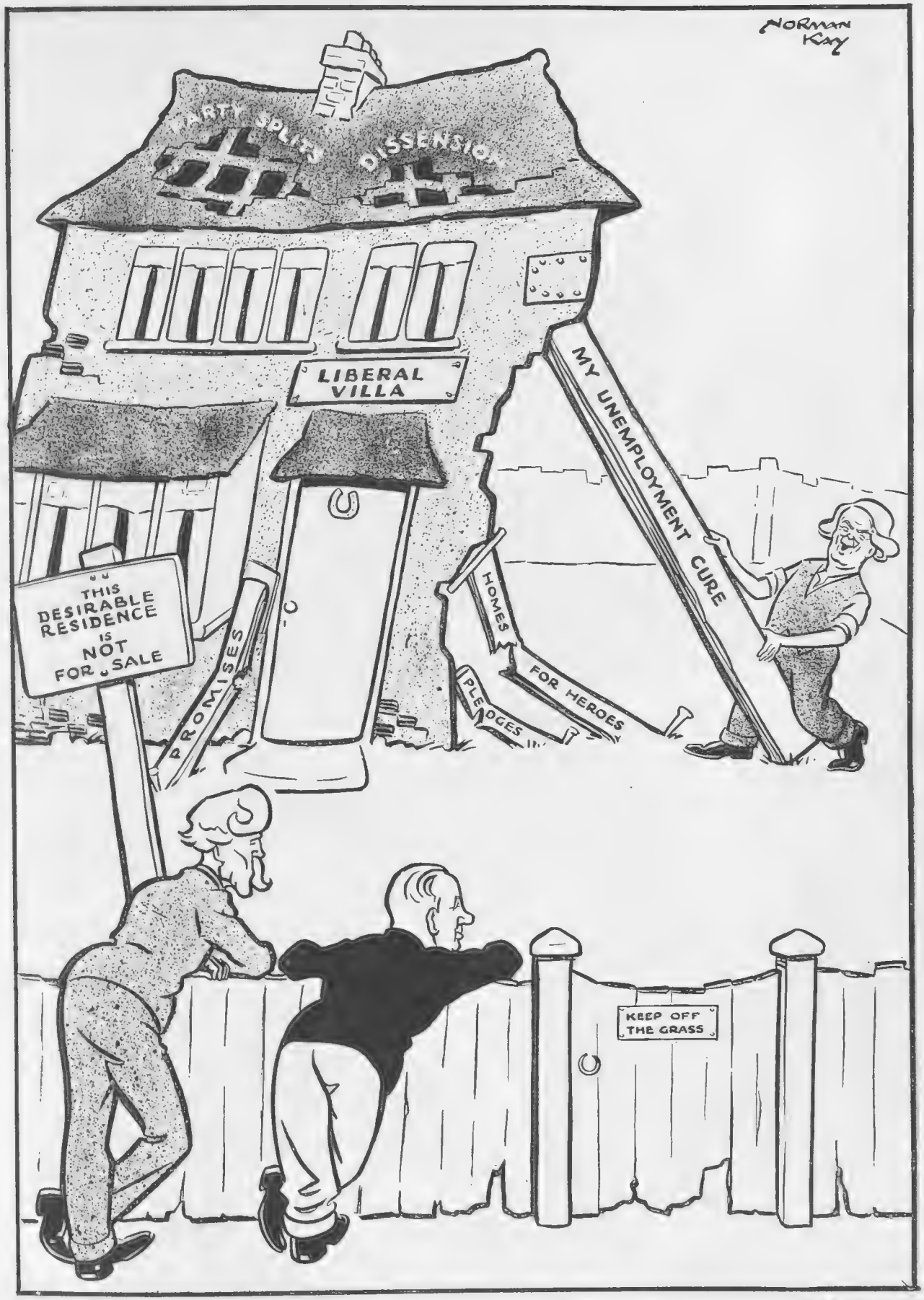
MAY I express, though, one regret? I am sorry that I did not see Evelyn Laye's *début* as Drury Lane's leading lady. Evelyn is probably the best musical comedy lead in the world. She can sing, she can dance, and she can act. Besides, she is beautiful.

There is no other leading woman I know who has all these four rare qualities. She taught it all herself. She ran away from home and by sheer hard work, and decency, and straight living, became a star.

Evelyn is a piece of Dresden china which has not yet been chipped.

H. S.

"When Cochran threw me out"



BY NORMAN KAY

OWNER OF HOUSE: *"You can hop it, you two! This house isn't for sale"*

(Lloyd George has definitely stated that the Liberal Party will not amalgamate with any other Party.)

AT THE PLAY

STUDIES IN BLACK & WHITE

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

"The New Moon," at Drury Lane. Sketched by H. H. HARRIS

IT always amazes me that on the stage the most sacred confidences and the most dangerous admissions are uttered in places where the chance of their being overheard is obvious to the meanest intelligence. Such a place is chosen by Beverley Nichols in his play *The Stag*, produced at the Globe Theatre, for, *inter alia*, an unmarried girl to admit that she is pregnant; for an illegal operation to be suggested; and for an otherwise reputable member of society to confess to murder! No wonder that the stags—whose antlers give President Wilson's fourteen points a start and a beating—look down with pained surprise from the walls of the Hall of Drochness, Colonel Temple's shooting box near Inverness, on such criminal indiscretions!

PERSONALLY, I was not surprised at this, because the author failed to convince me that most of his characters were taken from life, except, of course, the gentleman who, working overtime on seduction, was murdered.

BUT the principal strain on my credulity was the famous actor who, invited to Scotland, could talk nothing but theatrical shop. Is it not a standing reproach to the profession nowadays that, though the actor enjoys golfin', huntin', fishin', and stalkin', the last thing he takes an interest in is the job which earns him his keep?

CONTRARIWISE, can a Scots host burble of nothing but grouse, stags, and a herculean pike, also exhibited on the walls and almost too big to be true? There may be such people, but my experience is that a love of Highland sport does not necessarily turn a sportsman into a bore far bigger than that of his own rifle.

BUT having suggested that Beverley Nichols at his first attempt has not written a first-rate play, I hasten to add that *The Stag* is good entertainment, and shows that the young author—even now—has an almost too thorough knowledge of the stage. When he has forgotten — or, at least, become less obsessed with—stagecraft, he will write a better play in which character takes the place of caricature, and actuality that of theatricalism.

INCLUDED in the cast was Reginald Owen, an Englishman who has returned from America with an accent somewhat in key with that country. He made much of the part of the actor, but the quotations with which it was adorned would have sounded better if given in more obvious Anglo-Saxon. Ian Hunter was rather wasted on a colourless character, even though made to commit murder; while Elissa Landi was orthodoxly emotional as the girl who had been wronged. Eric Maturin's manner made it appear somewhat strange that he had such success with the opposite sex, but a really admirable performance was that of Mabel Terry-Lewis, and almost equally good was Athole Stewart. Had either of these over-acted the part of the Scots host and his wife it would have been disastrous, but they toned down the author's highly painted portraits with artistic restraint.

"Little Accident" at the Apollo

THE little accident of the title refers to a baby belonging to an unmarried mother. I think that that bald statement gives a very fair idea of what Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell, the American authors of this farce, think really humorous.

THERE are some people who may consider childbirth, anxious husbands, and *liaisons* excellent subjects to joke about. Frankly, the last theme has been so worked to death that nowadays it is difficult to get a laugh out of it; and that is why, I suppose, Messrs. Dell and Mitchell mixed it up with subjects which, if they lend themselves to

humorous treatment at all, are not universally enjoyed.

After a raffish first act—the hero returns home drunk on the eve of his wedding to discover the next morning that a girl with whom he has had a love affair has made him a father—we find this same father at the reception room of a maternity hospital trying to stop the infant being adopted by total strangers.

In this waiting room are about-to-be fathers in the throes of anxiety waiting for news; and what fun the authors extract from this situation! Later we find the hero persuading the mother of his child to make an honest woman of her and let them both settle down—even at this somewhat late stage—to respectable matrimony. And, preferring the claims of art to heart, declines. So the hero steals the child.

In the last act we find him looking after it, and here the humour is not objectionable, though the final curtain with the hero left free from all entanglements and fixing up to marry the mother is more perfunctory than convincing. A play which some of the audience found legitimately funny without offence, and others illegitimately offensive without being particularly funny.

But opinions were not divided about Lynne Overman's performance of the hero, for he is a first-rate light comedian, to whom the authors as well as audiences should express grateful thanks. Though playing a comic part he never plays the fool, and the earnestness with which he meets disaster after disaster is infinitely to be preferred to the methods of those funny men who appear to be consciously playing for the laugh. The rest of the company have but few chances, but I should like to see an American actress, Martha Lorber, who is a newcomer, in a part not so horribly unsympathetic as the mother of the "little accident."

"The New Moon" at Drury Lane

Were I asked to describe the new musical comedy, *The New Moon*, at Drury Lane, in one word, I think that that one word would be "massive." The setting is massive; the chorus is massive; the singing is massive; the score is massive; the orchestra is massive, and the dialogue provided by the American authors, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd (I love that regal touch!), Frank Mandel, and Laurence Schwab, is as massive as their names!

For some reason which I am unable to fathom, these Drury Lane productions create almost hysterical excitement. Presumably sane playgoers wait outside what might be described as the American National Theatre for over thirty hours previous to production. A first-night audience labelled "brilliant" arrives somewhat later—many, in fact, after the curtain has risen! And what do they go out for to see? To listen to a story which may be "romantic," but is certainly nonsensical, and to have their ears stunned by music and chorus-singing of great volume, even though much that is reminiscent is found within that volume, while they may be sure that one song at least will be "plugged" *ad nauseam*.

Still, nothing succeeds like excess, and I am sure *The New Moon* will be as popular as its predecessors, and people will flock for months to come to gloat over the scenery and dresses, and rightly admire Evelyn Laye's performance as the heroine, the singing of Howett Worster and Ben Williams — especially Ben Williams—the acting of Edmund Willard and Jack Livesey, and the humour of Gene Gerrard, who makes even the authors' massive jokes sound quite amusing. As usual in musical comedies nowadays, the chorus was admirable and the singing beyond criticism.

"Porgy" at His Majesty's

Here is a play which depends for its success upon production. Like many dramatised novels, as *Porgy* is, the story does not flow with the smoothness which is apparent when a skilful dramatist creates an original work. There are fine individual scenes, but they are somewhat disconnected; and now, having hurled this brick at *Porgy*, I have done with criticism.

In the course of a long theatre-going experience I have never seen more beautiful stage pictures painted with such unpromising materials. It is true that the Nigger life which this play depicts possesses the advantage that darkies love colour, and therefore a bright note is struck in many of the dresses, but the background of Catfish Row, Charleston, in which much of the action passes, is little better than a slum; while a bedroom, where two great scenes in the play—a sort of Nigger wake and a storm—take place, is the essence of drabness.

Assuredly Producer Rouben Mamoulian shares the honours with an almost all-black company, even though their speech is, on occasions, hard to understand. One and all do not appear to be acting, and that is the highest praise I can bestow, while their singing of spirituals is really beautiful. This is a show which is different, and one which should not be missed.

In Brief

Before Midnight, by Shirland Quin, was produced at the Little Theatre on April 8. Why?

GIFTS FROM UNCLE SAM

By ROSEMARY

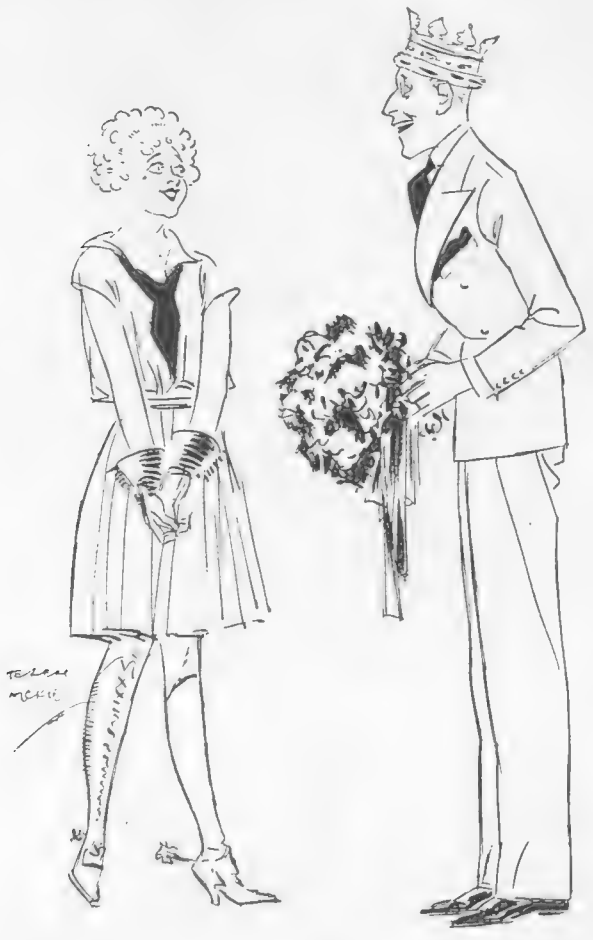
ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

No one can say the Americans are ungrateful. In exchange for the people that we shipped over some years back on that small craft of good omen, the Mayflower, not to mention the thousands we ship over every year now of good British bullion, they are handing us back quite a lot of things. And not least of them the craze for Nigger stuff.

OLD Uncle Tom's Cabin must have been about as roomy as the first-class saloon of the Mayflower, to judge from the numbers claiming to come out of it these days. Or is it that Li'l Ol' Noo Yark isn't quite big enough to hold all of them and is working off its surplus (and, let us admit, rather problematical) population over here. Is it emigration from Nigger Heaven?

OR is it just that America is more and more setting us our fashions? Certainly in dress just now America has it every time, even over Paris. The hat on the back of the head and the popularity of the afternoon frock are all from the States. And then there's Christian Science and Lady Astor. And the American accent of all the Cabaret artists.

FOR when the Nigger cult gets to the Carlton, it has surely staked its claim in English social territory. Mr. Leslie Hutchinson is at the piano there every evening in their Cabaret turn. He gets called as often as the dancers, Tina and Ghirardy, which goes to show God's stepchildren are quite one of the family. Though, for all that, they do seem more at home when they deal in their native art. Mr. Leslie Hutchinson succeeds in amusing, but the applause he gets owes a lot to curiosity, and still more to fashion. Put it beside a Roland Hayes singing a Negro Spiritual unaccompanied and you will get an idea of what it means for Art to be the expression of something deep in a race.



"The end of them is so often the Peerage"

THEY have something to say, these artists from a long submerged "darkie" people. But to be worth while, they must be left alone to put it in their own way. We want fewer choruses from Virginia and more of the genuine stuff as we've got it in *Porgy* (hard "g" as in grape-nuts, please). Mass production may be well for motor cars and millionaires, but it doesn't make good on the stage. We don't want to have every musical comedy with a Nigger chorus, and we don't want to "see and hear" dusky entertainers at every Cabaret show.

BUT where there is the drama of *Porgy* and the humour of plays like *The Patsy* we can chalk up a big American debt without a sigh. At the Vaudeville, where it moved last week, Miss Helen Ford as The Patsy is all that is of the most attractive in American girl-friends. She is pretty, but that doesn't matter; as soon as she is on the stage you forget prettiness or brains or movement in the charm of her personality. No one discusses whether American girls are pretty, they just think of Adele Astaire and Helen Ford and most of the girls they have met at parties, and they say they are charming, and that is the end of it. The pity of it is that coming from a great democracy, as they do, the end of *them* is so often the Peerage.

WE want all these things from across the water, but do we, oh! do we want the Talkies? They are being forced upon us. The newspapers assure us they have come to stay; the stars in their constellations are going over from the silent screen; theatres are being adapted, and soon we are promised that no picture palace in the country will be without the machinery for the Talkies.

BUT who really wants them? Not the you-and-me people who drop into our cinemas for enjoyment. I don't count the Movie Fans, because they are all part of the conspiracy to force the Talkies on us. They are afraid to be behind the times, and it doesn't strike them that there is such a time as Nine Days, and that is about what most wonders are given in this world.

THERE must be something in it, they say. For stars and their managers must know what's what in

"Leslie Hutchinson is at the piano at the Carlton"

business. They probably do, which is precisely why they know so little about art.

IT is all providing a most entertaining test case of how much we can be forced to swallow against our will. Will the Press and the stars and the fans induce such an inferiority complex in us that we shall submit to being bored? Already they have it over us; when we criticise a picture they say, "My dear, I don't know about the story, the *lighting* was marvellous." Naturally they lap up new technical terms and delight in new tricks of the camera. To them the Talkies are an advance in the art of the photo-screen; they represent one trick more.

BUT who wants tricks? The conjuror palls sooner than any other form of entertainment. Particularly when he is the sort of magician who makes away with a gold watch at every performance. And that is what in their own way the Talkies are going to do. They are making away with the last shred of claim that the cinema could put up to be considered a fine art.

THERE is room for an art of the moving picture. But it must live up to the name. Its job is to show the beauty of line and the play of light and shade, and to tell a story by movement in a series of photographic reproductions. It demands a technique quite different from the stage. There are things the cinema can do better than the theatre. The production of *Beau Geste*, for instance, was a warning to all producers of His Majesty's school that their line is over and done with in competition with the camera. On the other hand, *Journey's End* on the films will probably show that there are some plays the cinema would do better to let alone.

Rosemary.

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FILM NOTES

Lady Eleanor Smith on the Film Problem

Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson in a scene from "Weary River," the new First National Vitaphone picture

TOO MANY CROOKS!

"Weary River"

MR. RICHARD BARTHELMESS, at one time no less celebrated than Mr. Charles Ray for his impersonations of shy, awkward, country boys, has indeed travelled far from the bucolic adventures of "Way Down East" and "Tol'able David." Mr. Barthelmess, kinematically speaking, fell, some time ago, into the hands of the gangsters, and it now begins to look as though he will never again emerge from their clutches.

WHY anyone should ever at any time have associated the pleasant, sensitive personality of Mr. Barthelmess with desperate gunmen, rum-runners, and crooks it is difficult indeed to imagine, but after due reflection I am led to the conclusion that the copycat mentality of the average American producer must be held responsible.

FOR one popular pirate film six inferior imitations are swiftly fabricated; this applies also to Biblical films, French revolutionary films, Russian films, and crook films. Not long ago an extraordinarily successful and brilliantly produced crook film named "Underworld" took America by storm, and was soon followed by a no less praiseworthy production much on the same lines named "Forgotten Faces."

A "close up" of Betty Compson and Richard Barthelmess in one of the scenes in "Weary River"

I CAN only suppose that immediately after this those stout Semitic gentlemen whose life-work it is to rule despotically over the destinies of their stars came to the unanimous decision that the gangster was the fashionable hero of the day.

I CAN imagine one of these gods commanding some underling, as he chewed his cigar, to "go write Barthelmess a gangster story—anything crook's O.K. just now."

THE result of this confabulation was presumably "The Noose," to which I, personally, would award a medal for being the worst film of the year. Undeterred, however, by this truly appalling concoction of suffering mothers, noble crooks, and cretinous governors, the powers that be swerved not an inch in their decision to plan out a lawless career for Richard Barthelmess. The result is "Weary River," a conscientious film that succeeds in entertaining.

BARTHELMESS plays the part of a gay, likable, cheeky young crook with colossal self-confidence, a gift for

To Talk or Not to Talk?

NORMA TALMADGE

The popular screen star, now preparing for her next United Artists picture, which is to be a "Talkie." Will Miss Talmadge's "fans" like her in a talking film, or will they not? That is the question

musical composition, and a female appendage with corn-coloured hair named "Baby." Here, you will observe (and I am addressing British producers in particular), are all the ingredients of popular film success.

HANDSOME gangsters, blonde charmers, and the pleasant sentimentalities of tinkling synchronised music. It sounds simple enough to be crude, but somehow these banalities are woven deftly and skilfully into a bright and straightforward and exciting story. Perhaps, after all, it is not so easy as it seems.

I MUST here pause to make a complaint. The film critic's job is becoming one of increasing complication. I am invited by the management of the Regal Cinema to hear Barthelmess sing to his own accompaniment. After listening with some admiration to this tuneful *début*, I subsequently learn from an American contemporary of unimpeachable veracity that Barthelmess actually sang not one note during the course of this film—he merely mouthed in silence while professional warblings were synchronised with the movements of his lips.

I SEE no reason for doubting this statement, for the simple reason that were the star possessed of the rich and pleasant voice accredited to him in "Weary River" his Press agent would have told us all about it long ago—we have heard enough, in all conscience, of Novarro's "glorious baritone."

I CAN only repeat that the Talkies are making the poor film critic's life one of immense difficulty. He must now be dramatic critic and musical connoisseur as well, and he must be perpetually on his guard lest he be deceived into making a fool of himself and crediting, say, John Gilbert with what is actually the voice of Gigli or Piccaver.

"WEARY RIVER" is the name of a song composed by the young crook, "Jerry Larribee," while he is serving a term in Sing-Sing. It is quite a nice and agreeable song, but it is repeated four times during the course of the film, and began definitely to pall after its second repetition. I must take this opportunity of observing that, according to "Weary River," the convicts of Sing-Sing lead a merry, cheerful, Boy Scoutish sort of life, replete with many concerts and jazz bands, and presided over by a white-haired, benevolent Warden with a heart of gold.

LARRIBEE finds himself on his release from prison famous as the composer of "Weary River," and accepts a music-hall engagement. He is never allowed to forget, however, wherever he goes, that he is an ex-convict, and, sickened by the respectable world, he finally drifts back to his crook companions and to the flaxen charms of "Baby." He is rescued on the eve of a gang-fight by the Warden, who speaks to him like an American mother, marries him off to "Baby," and sets him once more upon the straight and righteous path. How long he will remain there we do not care to speculate.

MR. BARTHELMESS is sympathetic and likable as "Jerry," especially in his self-confident moments, but I for one prefer him as a rustic innocent ploughing a lonely furrow, with Miss Lillian Gish as his wistful partner in any subsequent less lonely scenes. Miss Betty Compson plays the part of "Baby." In the portrayal of cynical ladies with light fingers Miss Compson has no rival unless it be Miss Evelyn Brent, but in "Weary River," for some unknown reason, she persists in masking her intelligent and expressive features with so thick a coat of paint and lipstick that one can but guess at what she is trying to make us understand.

"WEARY RIVER" is partially a Talkie. That is to say, that in addition to the mysterious singing of Mr. Barthelmess we are treated to brief snatches of Bowery dialect which are afterwards switched off into the old familiar sub-title. This is a devastating form of experiment, for each transition from speech to silence and vice versa temporarily robs the films of all reality. Let our cinema fare be either all talking or completely mute—preferably the latter.

ELEANOR SMITH.

"Talkie" Problems

IT has been found that almost every unusual sound must be modified or amplified or even changed entirely for use in Talking pictures. Natural sounds heard in the open air become distorted, and in some cases it is far easier and more successful to imitate the sounds in the studio. Thus nature is outdone by the sound effect machine, and it is literally possible to make a sound "more like a cow than a cow."

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if gossip we must

Jean Barry and Fitzgibbon, two very clever young dancers. They have scored a big success at the May Fair Hotel, where they have been appearing recently

BEYOND hastily suggesting that *The New Moon* is, musically, so reminiscent that "The Old Toon" would, perhaps, be a little more apt, I will not further encroach on the province of a respected and experienced colleague, who will doubtless discuss the many merits of the new production at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Mark that "Theatre Royal." The title does not mean that this theatre exists solely or at all for the purpose of glorifying Royalty. But is it necessary, is it wise even, to produce there a play which is directly Bolshevist in tone, in which the hero fells, amid applause, the captain of a ship in the Royal Navy, and in which the death of poor amiable Louis XVI is hailed as the pathway to a happy ending? I do not suggest that Bolshevism in Catherine Street is likely to affect Butt in Balham But we are on the eve of a General Election, and a momentous one. If we must have American musical comedies at the National Theatre, need they be quite so—well, republican? Possibly I am over-sensitive in these matters, for the brow of Mr. Solly Joel, who occupied the Royal box on the first night, was serene, and he managed to "combine a pose imperious with a demeanour nobly bland."

SOME years ago a Member of Parliament came along with the, to my mind, admirable suggestion that in the summer months there should be a flower market in Trafalgar Square. There's plenty of room there. The sight would be a picturesque one. It would be good for the flower trade. And it could do nobody any harm. Of course, the scheme was promptly quashed as being impracticable (which isn't true) and "far too Continental." If, however, we cannot have a flower market, except the flower shops in Covent Garden itself, which are gloomy and dear, some ingenious soul might organise a Battle of Flowers in Hyde Park. The other day I attended a Battle of Flowers at Cannes, and it was the greatest possible fun. True, piquancy was added by the fact that the top hats of British Lord Mayors formed an irresistible target, that Captain Monroe, of H.M.S. Ramillies, was an absolutely crack shot with a small bunch of carnations, that King Manoel and his charming consort pelted, and were pelted, with flowers of all kinds, and that Sir John and Lady Lavery positively had to run the gauntlet.

BUT as an aftermath to the General Election, a Battle of Flowers has fine possibilities. Each Party would send a specially decorated car, with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald riding in a barouche decked out exclusively with scarlet geraniums. Sir Oswald Mosley and Lady Cynthia languidly throwing the costliest of orchids at each other would be an affecting sight, and Lady Astor would, of course, wear water-lilies, and, if necessary, soda-water lilies.

I commend this idea to the Office of Works, the L.C.C., the Chief Ranger of Hyde Park, Sir Almeric FitzRoy, the Party organisers, and the Bright Young People.

TO our old friend "Jix" and all those who are interested in prolonging the existence of 'Dora" I proffer the following instance of gay life in London on the Sabbath. A Sunday or so ago I had occasion to lunch at Pagani's, the restaurant in Great Portland Street, whither famous musicians from all over the world have flocked and have signed their names on the wall of that room on the first floor. I am not a famous musician, and I did not want to sign my name on a wall. But I did want some lunch, and not a teetotal lunch. It was six minutes past two and lunch I could have, but nothing alcoholic to drink. I was told I could go over to the other side of Oxford Street, imbibe what alcohol I wished, swiftly and uncomfortably, and then return,

By STARR WOOD

"Tell me frankly, do you like my moustache?"
"Between you and me, I don't!"

By Fred Buchanan

The Languid One: "Waiter, what's the time?"

with indigestion brewing, to tackle food.

It is hardly credible, yet none the less a fact, that north of Oxford Street on a Sunday a bottle of wine or a glass of lager cannot be served, even with a meal, after 2 p.m. And a more fantastic piece of pudding-headed nonsense it would be difficult to invent.

Now I would ask the licensing magistrates of this district, who are responsible for such petty tyranny and have frequently resisted all attempts at reform, whether they make themselves and their own households as uncomfortable as they make members of the general public unfortunate enough to come within their sphere of influence. Is all drink whisked off their tables (if it is ever whisked on) at 2 p.m. on a Sunday? Does the half-empty flagon of Australian burgundy (ferruginous) disappear into the sideboard, with the table-napkin rings, as the clock strikes? Is the bottle of good sound Lisbon wine at 2*s*. 9*d*. from the grocer's round the corner seen no more as paterfamilias settles himself down to doze over the "grave offence," the "shocking case," and the "charge against a curate"? For the Sabbath home life of the restricting classes is a strange thing, and of such is the kingdom of licensing magistrates.

A SAD DERBY

(It is reported that the Gipsies are to be barred from the Downs on Derby Day.)

SINCE the Derby first was run
Out on the rolling Downs,
With flashing eye and face of tan
Romany woman and Romany man
Have come in their painted caravan
To charm the folk of the towns.

For Derby Day is People's Day
Out on the rolling Downs,
Where the organ blares and the swing-boat flies,
And 'Arry girds up his loins and tries
His luck with the ball at the "coker shies"
Midst niggers and laughing clowns.

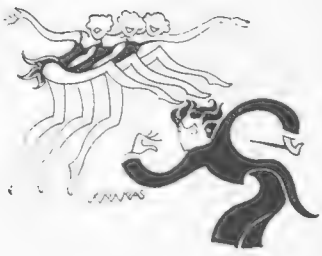
If Romany folk are no more seen
Out on the rolling Downs,
Where their fathers before them came to coax
The fancy of honest coster "blokes,"
To read their fortunes, to tell them jokes
And take their humble "browns,"

The Derby it will not be the same
Out on the rolling Downs,
For who could enjoy high holiday,
And who could play as men used to play,
If the Romany folk were all away
On Derby Day out on the Downs?

B

Mr. Robert Henry Benson (not to be confused with R. H. Benson, the novelist—both are gone now) will be much missed at Brooks's and the Turf clubs. He was an immensely

June Roper and Jack Kinney, who are appearing in "Wake Up and Dream," the new C. B. Cochran revue at the London Pavilion. Their dancing contributes largely to the success of this bright revue



rich man who could indulge his passion for collecting pictures, as well as porcelain, lacquer, antique Persian carpets, and other beautiful and valuable things. Most of these he stored some years ago at Buckhurst, the place in Sussex he rented from Lord de la Warr, and greatly improved by the addition of terraces. Like another rich man of the present generation, "Babe" Barnato, to wit, Mr. Benson in his younger days was a great athlete, winning the mile for Oxford in 1870, and playing in the winning team of the first Oxford *v.* Cambridge "Soccer" match. This trait descended to his sons. Guy Benson, who married Lady Diana Cooper's elder sister, Violet, was "Victor Ludorum" at Eton in 1906. Reginald Benson was captain of the Eton Eleven in 1908, and Constantine has won all sorts of races as a runner.

ASPARAGUS is with us and new peas will be with us soon, when, gastronomically, all will be right with the world. Peas, perfect peas, can be obtained in this dark world of sin, but not in the places which most pride themselves on their cooking (and charge most for it). It is a fairly truthful axiom that in the restaurants where one has to pay most for peas they taste least like peas. In fashionable spots peas are pretty-coloured and costly, but tasteless. In the country inn, at 6d. a plate, they are usually delicious. Explain, as I have, to famous *restaurateurs* that new peas are dull and insipid unless cooked with sugar or mint and served with butter, they will, like Gilbert's grinning herds of hurdy-gurds, "retire apologising." But your peas, at about a penny each, will taste of just as little next time.

"Cecil, if you don't drink your cocktail, yo

Janet Jevons

Jeanne de Casalis, the popular actress. She has been seen recently on the music-hall stage, in a sketch at the Coliseum

MISS ELIZABETH PONSONBY, always "bright" and original, has declared that she wishes to engage a coloured "jazzy" pianist to play the organ at her wedding. The effect would certainly be strange, which is possibly what Miss Ponsonby wishes. For, although there is no reason why a black organist should not be just as efficient as a white one, ability to play the piano does not connote ability to play an organ, which is full of all sorts of "gadgets," and requires quite a different type of technique. And a "jazzy" negro pianist, even if he were the redoubtable "Hutch" himself, would be the last person likely to be able to put up a good show at "the King of Instruments."

However, this energetic young lady, who, it will be remembered, took part not long ago in a comic sham wedding, will doubtless have a comic real one.

American weddings are sometimes really "jazzy" affairs. I was once present at one in a London church, and some friends of the bride and bridegroom produced a cocktail-shaker in the vestry. They were swiftly admonished by horrified British parsons.

AFTER hearing the American choir from Dayton, Ohio, sing at the Albert Hall, I inspected at close quarters—much in the spirit that the lunatic hit his head with the hammer, "because it is so nice when one leaves off"—the Albert Memorial. At least a dozen Americans were busy on the steps, for it was a sunny afternoon, taking photographs of it. Why, unless they were gathering evidence for justifying going to war with us, I know not.

But couldn't something be done to brighten up this monstrosity, or to make it of some practical use? I would suggest that the figure of the Prince Consort should be mechanised, so that he slowly turned over the leaves of the book in his hand, or revolved continuously. At night flashing electric light bulbs could brighten up the statue. Or why not use it as a gigantic public barometer, with the Prince coming out of his alcove—like those old-fashioned little-old-man-and-little-old-woman contraptions — when the weather is going to be fine and retiring to his original position on the approach of rain?

Drawn by J. Greenall

shan't have your after-dinner cigarette."

Wing-Commander Louis Greig, for so long Comptroller to the Duke of York, has for some time been occupied with business—he is "something in the City," and, from all accounts, something rather important. But there could have been few men more fitted than he to help in supervising the boxing show that is to be given at the Albert Hall to-night (April 17), in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Centre (of the Royal Free Hospital). Not only have the Duke and Duchess honoured him for years with their friendship, but, as a doctor himself—he was a surgeon R.N. before assuming more airy but not lighter duties—he knows most of what there is to do about hospitals and their needs. I would like to point out that tickets for to-night's affair are very reasonable—21*s.* to 1*s.* 2*d.*

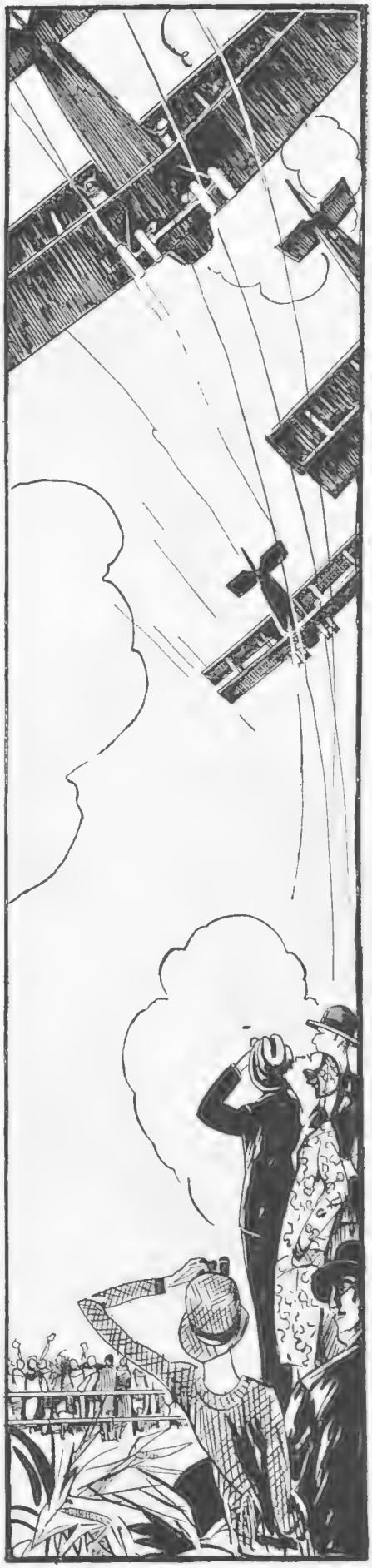
As to the performance, it is an amateur show, and is none the worse for that. After my experience (solely as a spectator) with certain professional heavyweights, I am inclined to think it may even be all the better for that. The competitions will be between representatives of the Navy, Army, Marines, Air Force, Civil Service, the City Police, and the Fire Brigade. So those who attend will feel a certain sense of security, particularly since fellow-members of the audience will be Louis Greig himself, who is pretty hefty and useful, his brother Arthur, who is equally hefty and equally useful, and—Harry Preston. Harry is, as regards weight and inches, not so hefty. But his motto in life has always been "Let me be useful—in a good cause." And he practises what he preaches—only he never preaches.

Raphael

A new portrait of Harry Preston, who is taking great interest in the Boxing Tournament in aid of charity mentioned above

A reader in Victoria (B.C.) who read in the issue of March 8 about a hand at Bridge containing nothing higher than an eight, writes to tell me that she dealt herself one with only *one* eight in it, and the rest consisted of cards of lesser value—a performance which seems to savour of carelessness!

But it was not so much the freakishness of the hand which intrigued me, but the information that an onlooker told this unlucky player that he thought she could claim a new deal! This reminds me of my first game at lawn tennis, played in my extreme youth, when we made it a rule to say "don't take" to the service if the opening stroke was not to our liking!



Overhead Charges

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE GIRL IN PINK PYJAMAS

By PRUDENCE O'SHEA

It was the last of the season of those big balls, and Archie thought he might as well go home. His partner had not turned up, and so had left a two-guinea ticket on Archie's hands, which went against the grain. He hoped that he might be asked to join the box-party of a chance acquaintance—rich bachelors being in demand, he had heard. But although he hailed young Lovett with joyous relief—Lovett had got those twins who danced in *The Naughty Lord* with him—Lovett merely replied, "How-do, old fruit!" and sailed off. By that you will deduce that Archie had not that particular personality which invites easy and impromptu invitations. In fact, no one liked Archie much. I don't . . . you won't. Even his mother didn't like him sometimes!

But he hung about at this ball until three, because at that hour the big-featured supper was served, and for four guineas Archie felt he had a right to do justice to that. Then there was the march past, with Dulac judging the best costume, and Archie stayed to see who won the prize. He was a little surprised that they did not single out his own Harlequin get-up for notice and admiration. At four o'clock there seemed nothing else to stay for.

Leaving the hall behind him he had to walk about a quarter of a mile beyond the densely parked cars to his own Bentley, and by the time he'd started her up and got well away from the hundreds of other waiting cars daylight was just beginning to tinge the sky a dim grey. Driving down one or two seedy side-streets before turning into the main road he passed the gates of a courtyard opening on to a secluded block of flats. And it was there, sitting on the lowest and darkest step of No. 7, that he saw the girl in the pink silk pyjamas!

She looked pretty and young in the shadows, and as the car slowed down she leaned forward so that the light of a lamp fell full upon her. She was charming!

Now, I am not quite sure that Archie would have stopped ordinarily, for it was a cold night, and now that he had left the revelry of the dance he was looking forward to that cup of chocolate gently simmering over the silver spirit stove in his bedroom, which his mother always left for him when he went out. But, you see, Archie was a writer—or, at least, he had written an article on botany for the school magazine some years before, and, spurred by the success of that, he was now seriously thinking of seriously writing something serious. He had an idea in his head which, he felt, would be a wow!

This was the idea. What would a pretty girl do if she ran outside early in the morning to fetch the milk in, clad only in the thinnest of nightdresses, and the door slammed after her? It must have happened often, Archie thought, What did the girls do to whom it happened?

Well, here was the solution; for the pretty girl sitting in her pyjamas in the shadows had obviously had something similar happen to her. So Archie shut off his engine and approached with an ardent desire to glean what he called "copy"

He asked, "Can I help you?" and the girl looked up . . . yes, she *was* pretty! . . . and replied:

"Well . . it *is* a bit parky!"

She said it in a certain way, and that was rather a set-back for Archie, who hadn't anticipated that he would be expected to share his warm, fur-lined coat.

"I'll get the rug out of the car," he replied; and the girl watched him as he went and returned.

When she had the rug safely wrapped round her—and he felt himself to be blushing while she adjusted it, for her pyjamas, though not actually transparent, nevertheless had a most disturbing look of nudity about them—he asked her whatever could have happened.

She replied, 'Sh! . . . do speak quietly!" and looked about her apprehensively. Then she said:

"My sister Roxy and I live at these flats. She was going to the ball to-night while I went to a studio party. She told the dairy to deliver an extra pint of milk so that she could have a good hot drink before going to bed. Well . . . when I got home about an hour ago I suddenly remembered that I hadn't brought it in, so I had a bath and got ready for bed, and mucked about a bit; then, last thing, I just slipped down to get it. I couldn't see it, so I peeked round the corner to see if he'd left it in the next entrance. And while I did that the door blew to."

Archie cried triumphantly: "There . . . I thought as much! Now . . . what is the next thing to be done?"

The girl replied: "The next thing to be done, my lad, is for you to take this rug and me to have your coat!" But she said it so charmingly that Archie hadn't the heart to refuse banteringly, although he did summon sufficient independence to murmur reproachfully: "But I'm rather undressed, too! Only a Harlequin get-up," he added. But when he looked at her to see if she would let him keep it on, she was gazing at him with such a charming helplessness that he allowed her to help him off with the coat, undo his muffler, and effect the change. He turned his eyes gallantly away while she undid the rug.

He said of his muffler: "I'd love you to wear this, too, but I think I caught a bit of a chill watching a footer match last Saturday. Yes"—he coughed a little—"mother was right . . . I can feel a sort of rasping coming on."

The girl replied that she could sympathise with anyone who felt chilly, and there was something in her voice which made Archie look at her quickly and uncomfortably. But she was smiling very charmingly at him by the time he got his head round.

He said: "I'm most intrigued about this sort of thing. For instance, suppose your sister stays until the end, and you can't get in until it's quite light . . . what then?"

"I dunno," the girl replied.

"Why not knock a neighbour up? Or the porter?" He looked for a bell.

"No . . . no!" the girl replied quickly. "You mustn't do that. Rox and I aren't too popular, one way and another. Anyway, they're a sticky lot here!"

"I wonder what you *will* do?" Archie repeated. He, at any rate, had quite enjoyed the interlude. And he glanced at his beautiful little watch with the platinum face and

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ILLUSTRATED BY
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"Sitting on the lowest and darkest step, he saw a girl in pink silk pyjamas"

numbers in rose diamonds. "Because, you see, I'm terribly afraid I shan't be able to wait very much longer."

There was a hint of irony in the girl's voice as she replied: "Well, of course, you *could* joy-ride me for an hour or two, and I could telephone from an out-of-the-way box to tell my sister to let me in." But she knew as she suggested it that he would refuse. And, with his thoughts on the waiting chocolate, that is just what he did. Besides, he was finding it cold with only the rug about him.

The girl said then, with a sort of demure, chi-ikeyness in her voice, as though she were putting ideas into his head and sitting back to see them strike: "I dare say I *could* ride around in a taxi until Rox gets back, and telephone her to let me in the same as if I were joy-riding. But there's the little matter of the fare . . ."

She glanced sideways at Archie.

"Yes," he replied, "you could do that."

The girl sighed ever so slightly.

"I once heard of a man," she went on, "who had a beautiful fur coat, and a wife waiting at home for him. So he told a girl who'd been shut out of her flat when she went to get the milk . . . just like me! . . . only she wasn't as cold as I am . . . well, he told her, when he had to be going, to sit still like a good girl until the postman came and get him to telephone her sister at the party she was at to come home with the key. The man would have done it himself, only he lisped on the 'phone. And he said she'd keep beautiful and warm in his fur coat, and he didn't remember to give her the address where she could return it. Only there aren't many men like that about."

"No," Archie agreed, and added that perhaps the fur was imitation.

"Of course," the girl went on, "one way for me to keep warm is for you to tell me the story of your life!"

Archie felt a big of a dog at that, but said he thought he'd better not, because, after all, she was only young.

The sky had grown paler, with a streak of yellow across the housetops heralding the dawn. The girl began to get restless. A taxi crawled past the gates of the courtyard.

"You know," Archie said, "I *do* think you ought to knock one of the neighbours up. I would!"

But the girl wouldn't hear of it, though she seemed to agree with him over the latter half of his remark. Archie began to feel that, somehow, he was not popular. He began to think seriously now, too, about getting home.

He got up. Well . . . he felt glad he'd met her. After all . . . he wouldn't have cut much of a figure telling his mother that he knew no one at the dance, that his partner let him down, and that he wandered about alone without even getting a dance or a prize for the best costume. Now, with this pyjama girl business happening, he could make quite a good story out of it. He could tell his mother, as well as the fellows at the club, that he comforted her and advised her and left her all braced up after finding her practically at her wits' end with panic! But he still would like to have known, just for the sake of literature, what *really* happened to girls who got locked out in their nightdresses and things.

He looked towards the Bentley. How cosy it looked! Yes, he was really chilly, and the fun had gone out of the adventure. So he turned to the girl with his hand held out. She took it, leaning most confidingly against him.

"Well," he said, "I must go now," and helped her to peel off his overcoat with a sort of tentative apology that he was sure she would understand. He collected the rug, too, but the girl didn't seem to mind much, and her spirits seemed to be rising. "I've often wondered in a case of this sort," he went on, 'what happens. Well, now I know!"

The girl watched him with an unfathomable expression in her blue eyes as he tinkered about with his car, starting her up. Then, waving to her as she still sat forlornly on the stone step, he drove off.

She watched him out of sight. Then she murmured aloud "Yes, and I've often wondered what would happen if I pitched some tale of woe about being locked out in pyjamas to some easy goof! And now *I* know!"

Then she darted towards the dusty laurel bushes in the courtyard and dragged out a tweed overcoat and skirt. The hovering taxi had returned and now stopped, and she hurried towards it, flinging her garments into it. She seemed in a hurry, but paused long enough to show the driver the beautiful little platinum watch and the pearl scarf-pin which Archie had fastened his muffler with. They both chuckled quietly.

Then they drove off home!

"PORGY": the Negro Play at HIS MAJESTY'S

Two incidents from the powerful negro play produced at His Majesty's Theatre last week. In the upper photograph Jake, the fisherman (Wesley Hill), Serena (Rose Maclendon), and Maria, the cook-shop keeper, are seen kneeling in prayer. In the lower photograph Crown dares his "big frien' up dere" to strike him dead, whilst the other negroes of Catfish Row cower from the fury of the storm

BY RENÉE BULL

"DIVINITIES"

THE WEDDING

In days when the skyway will be England's highway
And, Dan Cupid hailing, cry "Let's have no failing,

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

OF TO-MORROW

we'll turn to the fly way when taking a wife,
but give us 'plane sailing our whole married life!"

My Lady's Choice
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES "MEDIUM"
Player's Please
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 25 For 1/3
NCC 380

THE BYSTANDER AVIATION SECTION

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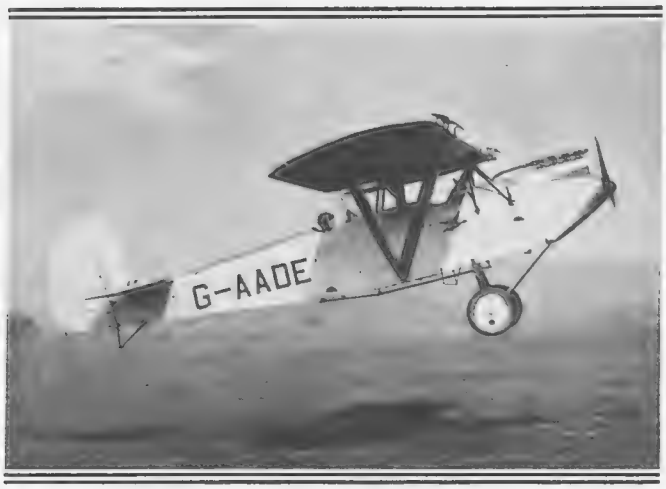
Special portrait by Howard Coster

SIR ALAN COBHAM, K.B.E., A.F.C.

Who has been aptly described as the "Air Ambassador of the British Empire." Having blazed the trail to India, Australia and South Africa, he is now turning his attention to the development of aviation at home



A Widgeon taking off

Aeroplane Photograph

Sir Sefton Brancker's De Havilland Moth

L. N. A.

AVIATION TO-DAY

Flight Possible for Everybody

By CAPT. C. E. WARD
(Our Own Aviation Correspondent)

Solving the Traffic Problem

HAVE you never longed for wings when embedded in a traffic queue or baulked on a hill by a charabanc? When crossing the Channel on a murky day, don't you envy the people up aloft when the 'plane streaks ahead and you know it is nearing Paris before you have passed the Customs? And when you arrive at Nice, Monte Carlo, Rome, or whatever your destination may be, deafened by noise, blackened by smuts, and exhausted by a sleepless night, you ask yourself whether the sun is really worthy of the chase.

Roads everywhere are suffering from a chronic state of traffic indigestion, and on the railroad there must always be a speed limit. The sea, usually uncertain in its movements, is pleasant to relatively few people, so that the air becomes the only haven of refuge from crowds, noise, and discomfort, offering a free and uninterrupted passage to all who will but test their wings. In spite of the words of the Prophet, the flying age has arrived, and the average man or woman can take advantage of it without undue risk or expense. In a few years' time the young man or woman with a certain amount of leisure and blessed with no more than a moderate income, and who cannot fly a light aeroplane will be looked upon as rather odd, just as to-day he or she is so regarded who cannot drive a car. Flying has already passed through the pre-War period when pilots were considered lunatics, the War years when they were all heroes, and the post-War boom of optimism; it has now become a part of our everyday life, available for sport, travel or business

Where to Learn the Art of Flying

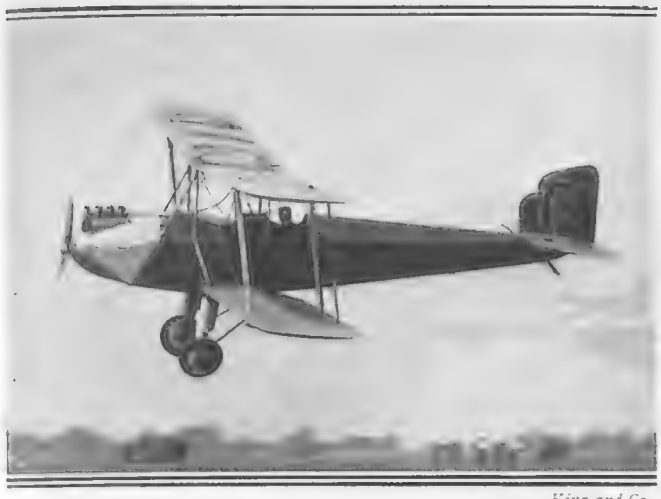
REVERTING back to the average man or woman who will take advantage of this gift of wings, many will be content to remain passengers for the rest of their lives, but to others more enterprising the world is at their feet for the expenditure of a little time and a little money. To get down to tacks and the all-important matter of how to acquire this simple art of flying, ask for the family atlas and consult the map of the British Isles. There are flying clubs and schools all over the country, and, to mention but a few of the former, if you live near London, Bristol, Folkestone, Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle, Norwich, Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Brighton, Ipswich, Leeds, Leicester, Cambridge, Northampton, Reading, Belfast or Dublin, detailed information is yours at the cost of a three-halfpenny stamp. The Royal Aero Club in London acts as a clearing house for inquiries, in case you overlook further particulars on a subsequent page of this issue. All of these flying clubs, which are in reality country clubs, and not situated amongst the bricks and mortar, are run for the benefit of members and are in receipt of a Government subsidy. Flying schools are maintained by certain private companies, the more important being the De Havilland School at Stag Lane; Blackburn's for both land and sea 'planes at Brough, East Yorks; Surrey Flying Services and the Henderson School at Croydon Aerodrome; the Brooklands School of Flying, and the Agra establishment at Teignmouth in South Devon.

A National Effort

AN important development for the benefit of the individual is the establishment of a large public company, National Flying Services, which will provide cheap flying facilities throughout the country. Considered as complementary to Sir Alan Cobham's scheme, whereby every town is being assisted to secure its own aerodrome, National Flying Services has a programme which includes "service"

A 30 h.p. Short "Mussel"

Photopress



King and Co.

A Spartan nearing the landing ground

The Lancashire Aero Club's new Avian

at 100 landing places, in addition to building twenty-five air parks, where club-houses are being erected to cater for the normal social rites of eating, drinking, bridge and tennis, as well as flying. A central air park and residential club-house at Hanworth, which is half an hour's drive from Hyde Park Corner, will be ready for occupation in June, and at least ten centres in other parts of the country will be open this summer. Members at one centre will become automatically honorary members at the other centres, and in eighteen months' time, when this and other schemes have been completed, there will be fully equipped landing grounds within fifteen or twenty minutes of each other throughout the country, thus filling in the gaps which you may have already noticed on the map.

The L. s. d. of Flying

HAVING led you to the point where you have discovered on the map the nearest club, a few words about the £ *s. d.* of flying may ease your mind before you write to the secretary. Entrance and membership fees are low in every case, and it is possible to acquire the gentle art of taking yourself up and bringing yourself down, quite alone, for £20 to £30. The actual cost varies with the individual, and depends on the time taken to satisfy the instructor; but, considering that the early pilots taught themselves to fly, and your instructor had probably no more than an hour's "dual," you have got to be quite heavy-handed to exceed this limit before your solo. As soon as you have spread your wings, and become an object of envy to the members who are still connected to the instructor's telephone, the cost of flying depends on the use you make of your opportunities. Solo flying at a club is at an average rate of 30*s.* an hour, during which time you can cover quite a long distance, say 80 miles.

British Machines for the Private Owner

CONCERNING light 'planes, there are half a dozen of sturdy British stock which have proved their superiority over all foreign breeds. The Moth, the Avian, the Bluebird, the Spartan and the Widgeon are all standard products with a flyaway price of between £600 and £700, which includes instruments, tools, registration and licence. All of these types can be had as landplanes, skiplanes, or seaplanes, but the latter cost more, because a seaplane must float as well as fly; although one gets value for money by having a motor boat as well as a flying machine.

The Popular Moth

THE Moth is a machine which has caused a great stir throughout the world. It is now reproducing itself at something like twenty a week, with factories started in Canada, Australia and the U.S.A. Deliveries vary from one month to six weeks, according to type and finish required, but many people learn to fly at the Stag Lane School whilst watching their machines emerge from the chrysalis state. Moths have flown from England to all parts of Europe, to India, and through Africa several times. They are used as a training machine and for sport and business in many foreign countries, as well as in all the Dominions and Colonies. The Avian enjoys similarly a high reputation for performance, and, having carried Bert Hinkler to Australia in sixteen days and Lieut. Murdoch to South Africa in a fortnight, it can be considered a worthy descendant of the old "Avro," on which so many pilots have had their baptism of the air. Like the Moth, it is being used throughout the Empire, and it is also being made in the U.S.A.

The Bluebird has side-by-side seating, which is often a convenience, besides being more matey; the latest model is all metal except for fabric on the wings. The Widgeon is a monoplane giving a good all-round view, and the Spartan is distinguished by its interchangeable planes and control surfaces—a great economy in maintenance.

The Power Behind the Propellor

THE engine that made the present type of light 'plane possible was the Cirrus, a four-in-line air-cooled job, easy to start, reliable and economical. The Gipsy is a more recent and similar

King and Co.

A Bluebird banking

type built on the same lines, and the Genet is a radial, with five cylinders. In all standard British light 'planes any of these three engines can be fitted according to taste. Their latest models develop about 100 horse-power, which gives the various machines a top speed of round about 100 miles an hour. For cruising, which is of more interest to private owners unless they become purely hedge-hoppers or pot-hunters, light 'planes can average 80 miles an hour at a consumption of 18-20 miles to a gallon of petrol, and 500-600 miles to a gallon of oil. Being accustomed to a car, you will realise what it means to run 10,000 to 15,000 miles before a top overhaul, and 40,000 miles before the

PRIVATE OWNERS OF TO-DAY

engine is stripped for a complete wash and polish, and this is but one instance of the economy of a light 'plane. The cost of an engine overhaul is about the same as that for a car engine, and the upkeep of the aeroplane itself is a very small item, sufficient to cover an occasional tail skid and on rare occasions an inner tube or a tyre. Garaging costs from 15*s*. to £1 a week, which includes the use of the aerodrome from which supplies and service can be obtained. If you have a field of your own a shed 30ft. × 16ft. is more than large enough to take a light 'plane with the wings folded back. At present the heaviest item in the running costs is insurance, which of course covers third party risks as well as damage to the machine. The rates vary according to your "standing" at Lloyd's, where they work on the principle that all pilots are careless until they prove themselves otherwise. You may be charged as much as 20 per cent. for your first year's cover, but of course nothing like as much when they get to know that your bump of locality is fairly well developed. The advent of the Handley Page "Slot" has eased the minds of the insurance group greatly.

Flying Costs No More than Going by Car

LET us now assume that the prospect of flying attracts you and that you have found on the map the nearest club, there is still some doubt in your mind as to the relative cost between flying and motoring. To the latter you are accustomed, with its inevitable round of licence fees, insurance and garage bills, and you know roughly that motoring costs you anything between 2*d*. and 6*d*. a mile, depending on the size of your car and the distance you cover in a year. The cost of running a light 'plane year in year out, including everything, varies from 4½*d*. a mile for about 10,000 miles to 3*d*. a mile for more than 40,000 miles. There is very little in it, and considering the time saved alone, the odds are already in favour of the 'plane.

As a rapid, safe and easy means of transport, the aeroplane has no equal as a vehicle for getting from any one place to any other place. The Prince of Wales has set the fashion, using the air whenever possible as a medium for saving time. Imperial Airways have just completed five years of operation with 4,000,000 flying miles to their credit and nearly 100,000 passengers carried with absolute safety. As if to demonstrate that mileage is no longer a measure of distance which depends merely on the speed of the aeroplane, an "Argosy" flew from London to Paris recently in 100 minutes. Higher speeds in the air have no adverse effect on the factor of safety, for the tendency of design is also towards slower landings.

Private Owners Now Amount to Thousands

PEOPLE who use the aeroplane for private air travel can be numbered in thousands. Considering the minute size of our own country, we have a greater proportion of private owners than any other country in the world. Endowed with a climate from which we all try to escape at some time or other, what could be better than a two-seater light aeroplane to carry oneself, one's friend and some luggage to almost any part of the world? And when one must stay in England, how very much more satisfactory it is to remain one's own master and fly from place to place, quite independent of time-tables, etc. A day's golf, a week-end in Scotland or on the Riviera, a week in Egypt or a month in Kenya, the light 'plane can take them all in its stride.

Lya de Putti, the Hungarian film star, beside her 'plane at the Grand Central Air Terminal, New York. It is an Avro Avian

Any list of achievements or individuals becomes boring and defeats its own object; but to mention a few recent events, Lady Bailey's great flight of 18,000 miles through Africa, quite alone and depending entirely on the facilities which the country had to offer wherever she chose to roam, should convince the most sceptical that flying is a relatively simple matter and the British light 'plane and engine triumphs of designing and engineering skill. There was no elaborate forward organisation; the Moth made itself at home everywhere, and the trusty "Cirrus" kept ticking over merrily.

Continental Tours

THE Master of Sempill docks his seaplane on the Welsh Harp, tours Scotland and the Western Isles and flies to Berlin and back to give a lecture. The Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest makes a tour by light 'plane to Central Africa in the Parliamentary vacation. The number of Continental tours by private owners must be considerable—publicity comes nowadays only to those who bend the undercarriage. No surer sign is needed that flying has become a normal affair than the fact that the Atlantic was flown again a few weeks ago, and was not even considered front page news.

You will find that flying in itself is attractive in every way; it is an exhilarating sport which appeals to the senses; an antidote from every kind of depression. From an aeroplane the earth seems perfectly detached—just an endless toy world gradually unfolding itself. With the whole sky as the highway and the light 'plane a "magic carpet" for everyone of moderate means, flying has become the premier sport at which we, as a nation, excel.

AT CAMBRIDGE Barrat's

A photograph taken at the opening of the new Cambridge Aero Club at Conington Aerodrome, showing the two instructors, Messrs. G. E. Lowdell and G. P. Pennington. The latter is the well-known Rugger player

Aero Club Reports:

"NO ENGINE TROUBLE WHATSOEVER"

Since adopting

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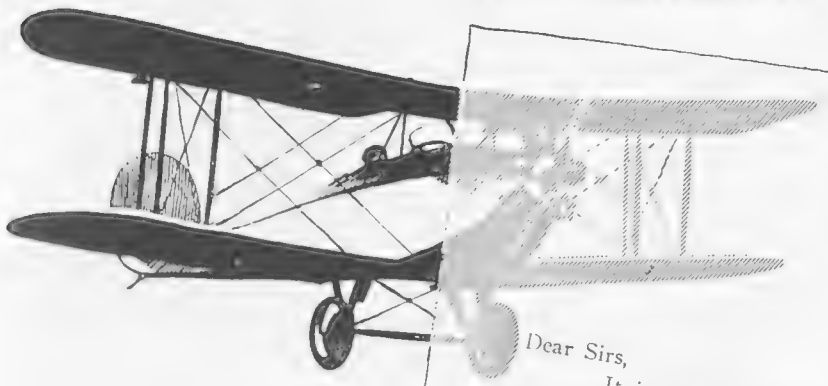

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Dear Sirs, 12th February, 1929.

It is now a matter of six months since we installed bulk storage equipments at our Hadleigh Aerodrome for 'Shell Aviation Mixture' and 'Golden Shell' Oil.

During this period our flying hours have been consistently high, despite winter conditions, and the 'Genet' engines fitted to our three 'Bluebird' aeroplanes have between them flown several hundred hours. All the engines have received 100 hour top overhauls, after having run exclusively on Shell Petrol and Golden Shell Oil, and, without exception, their condition was found to be highly satisfactory.

The period under review includes flying in extreme heat and cold, such as are found in Great Britain, and we are pleased to inform you that we have experienced no difficulty in maintaining the desired oil temperature and pressure since adopting Golden Shell Oil as our standard lubricant.

As regards starting up from cold in the morning, even with snow on the ground the combination of Shell petrol and oil has given us every satisfaction.

During this period no engine trouble whatsoever has been experienced.

Yours faithfully,
THE SUFFOLK & EASTERN COUNTIES AEROPLANE CLUB, LTD.
(Signed) P. L. Holmes, Secretary.

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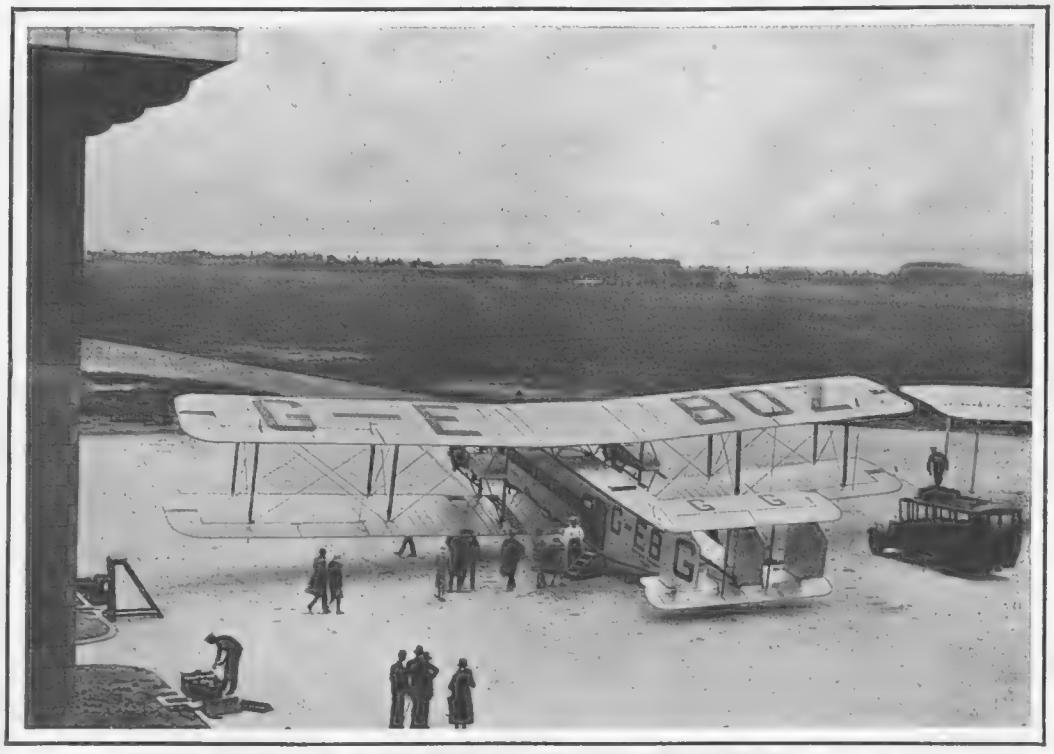

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The Flights of Survey to India, Australia, and round Africa by Sir Alan Cobham.
Mr. Bert Hinkler's 15½-day Flight to Australia.
The World Flights of the Marquis de Pinedo.
The 35,000 Miles World Flight by Captain Costes and Lieut. Le Brix.

The Air Speed Record (318·8 m.p.h. by Commander Bernardi, March, 1928).

The Air Long Distance Record (4,860 miles from Rome to Brazil, by Capt. Ferrarin and Commander Del Prete, July, 1928).

The Air Altitude Record (11,827 metres by Sig. Donati, Dec., 1927).

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WITH MY LIGHT 'PLANE THRO' AFRICA

By The Hon. LADY BAILEY

THE HON. LADY BAILEY

One of the most prominent figures in the world of aviation, who contributes the interesting article on this and the following page

It is rather a wonderful thing to realise that one can learn to fly at an aeroplane club in this country as I did, buy a light aeroplane, and after a year's experience of flying about over short distances be sufficiently expert to fly out from England to Cape Town and back to England again, to say nothing of the number of detours I found it possible to make *en route*.

Certainly there is always the chance of having a forced landing in a place that would involve a lengthy trek on foot, finding other means of transport.

But I think, on reviewing the whole of my trip, that though this might be tedious, given a stock of drinking-water, a map, plenty of matches and a rifle, and provided one did not get stranded in too bad a spot, even a forced landing might be interesting.

Although, when flying, one does not realise the vast distances that the eye can see, yet I felt that as long as smoke fires were visible by native villages and the native huts appeared at not too wide intervals, I was content.

It was the parts where one could see no sign of life that looked sinister, such as the desert, with no water, not a blade of grass, no trees, bushes, or any game. I was told that in such districts there are tribes who rove about, but their dwellings and whereabouts cannot be spotted from the air.

Of course, there is the problem of weather, but, compared with England and Europe and the fogs, it is very much better in Africa. If one is not compelled to hurry in order to keep to a speed time-table, then everything seems to work very well. I am speaking, of course, about flying without any forward organisation.

I TRAVELLED out from Stag Lane, following a route *via* Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Piza, Rome, Naples, Sicily, Malta, Tripoli, Serte, Benghazi, Sollum, Alexandria, and Cairo, thence down the Nile, leaving it at Nimule to fly direct to Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, Nyanza, after which I went on to Tabora, Abercorn, Broken Hill, Livingstone, Bulawayo, Pretoria, and then Cape Town.

On the return journey I followed the same trail to Broken Hill, and then crossed into the Belgian Congo at Elisabethville, turning north-west to Kamina, Luluabourg, Luebo, and Bandundu. There was no need to fly farther west, but I wanted to see Leopoldville and Boma, also Angola, in Portuguese West Africa, so I made a detour and returned later to Bandundu, again to branch northwards to Coquilhatville, Bangi, Fort Archambault, and Fort Lamy, which is near Lake Chad. Here I digressed again in order to pass through Northern Nigeria *via* Kano and Sokoto, rejoining the main route at Niamey, on the Niger river, which here is in French territory. Thence on to Gao Mopti, Bamako, Kayes, and Dakar, in Senegal, after which I went up the West Coast through St. Louis, Port Etienne, Villa Cisneros, Cap Juby, Agadir, Casablanca, reaching Europe again at Malaga, in Spain, and then Alicante, Barcelona, Bordeaux, Paris, Berck, and London.

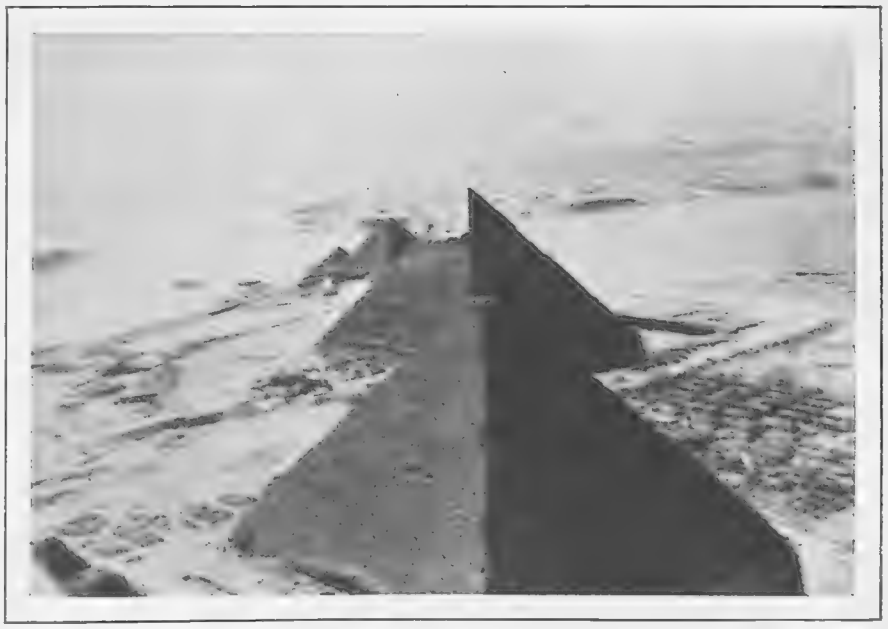
I FLEW a De Havilland 60X Moth with a Cirrus Mark II engine. Auxiliary petrol and oil tanks were fitted, so that I had 44 gallons of petrol and about 3½ gallons of oil. I had a compass, and travelled by this for nearly every stage of the tour.

As my route lay, nearly every place that I was making for had some well-defined landmark near the end of the stage so that I could get a bearing. I never had to fly for more than six or seven hours at a stretch between one landing ground and another. For the most part, the landing grounds were good, but they needed careful looking over before landing.

This tour by air through Africa has proved above all other things one of the most interesting experiences that I have ever had. The part that sounds most difficult was really the easiest part of the proceedings, and that was the actual flying.

My time in the air was perfectly peaceful, looking over an ever-changing panorama of country and marvelling at the hardiness of the explorers whose journeys on foot had secured whole countries as colonies for the various nations which now possess them.

The main features of the map of Africa that struck me were that one found the same type of country on the west side as on the east side at about the same latitudes. Dividing the continent roughly into three lateral divisions, the northern part is desert, with its yellow sand and burning heat, changing as one approaches Central Africa to scrub country; then trees and forest, with the great lakes, swamps, and rivers in the centre. Towards the southern section the country changes again; water again becomes scarce. In some parts of Central Africa the trees are ever green, but I saw there no pines or firs at all. I took great interest in the variation of the game to be seen in all parts of the continent, particularly buck, all kinds of other animals, and birds. The different races of natives to be found vary from giants of an average height of 7 feet to pigmies of about 4 feet. Everyone knows the attraction of Egypt with her temples, the Pyramids, and the tombs of her



Sir Alan Cobham

A striking aerial view of the Great Pyramids

Alan Cobham Aviation Co.

A famous African landmark. The Victoria Falls as they appear from the air

ancient kings, all of which appear intensely interesting from the air.

PORTUGUESE East and West Africa show vestiges of the old days when their nation founded pleasantly situated towns. In comparison, the Rhodesias and South Africa are developing the new vitality of the continent, and the Belgian Congo, with her riches, is a young colony insistent on progress.

On the outward trip I found Italian aerodromes all along the coast of North Africa until reaching Egypt, then on the British route there are aerodromes down to Bulawayo, and, of course, many scattered all over South Africa. In Portuguese East they have a good aerodrome at Lourenço Marques, and they are keen to clear landing grounds in other parts of the colony.

Coming north, there is a well-organised air route with many landing grounds, and about nine or more aerodromes right across the Belgian Congo. French territory in Africa, consisting of an immense section of the continent, is well served with aerodromes, and in parts there are emergency landing grounds at intermediate stages also. In Portuguese West there are also aerodromes, and on the west coast north of Dakar as far as Tangiers good aerodromes exist all the way; some of these are French, and some Spanish.

Photopress

Sir Abe Bailey, the famous South African millionaire, and Lady Bailey, photographed at the aerodrome at Wynberg after the latter's arrival there during her flight across Africa

THE picture that all this seems to have formed in my mind is that here is a continent which could be completely transformed in value by commercial aviation. It is ready with aerodromes and landing grounds; all that is needed is the organisation of commercial air routes.

As an individual flying across Africa, one realises that, given sound commercial air services, conditions for the colonists become changed at once. In all parts worth living in (and there seemed to me to be plenty of space), colonists could, with the aid of air services, be within a few days of Europe and of England, instead of weeks as at present.

INTERCOMMUNICATION between the various territories themselves would mean a great benefit. The main aerodromes already exist, the climate on the whole is a fine one for flying; most of the country, even within the Tropics, is ready for commerce and for farming, to say nothing of the great mineral wealth of the continent. It appears that the establishment of good commercial air services would amply repay the capital outlay involved and would produce results of great benefit to the whole continent.

I wonder what those far-sighted people would have accomplished who strove against such vast difficulties in establishing the colonies of Africa for their various nations if they had had the use of aircraft?

Surely aviation will prove to be a binding link of great utility between nations and create friendship among all the peoples of the world. M. W. B.

COMING EVENTS:

April	*Exhibition of Sporting and Touring Aircraft, Switzerland.*
May 20.....	*Northampton Air Pageant, Sywell.*
May 26.....	*Desprez Challenge Cup—Bristol and Wessex Club, Filton.*
June	*Air Pageant, Newcastle Aero Club.*
June 27 30	*Rotterdam International Air Meeting.*
July 5–6	*King's Cup Race round Britain. Starts and finishes at Heston Aerodrome.*
July 6	*Scottish Air Race, Renfrew.*
July 13.....	*R.A.F. Display at Hendon.*
July 16 27	*7th International Aero Exhibition, Olympia.*
July 18 10	*Rally of Clubs and Private Owners at Heston.*
July 20	*Grosvenor Cup Race* / *Siddeley Trophy Race* *at Heston.*
July 25	*Bleriot Cross-Channel Flight Anniversary Fete, Calais.*
July 28	*International Flying Meeting, Sweden.*
Aug. 1–14	*French Light Plane Meeting, Orly.*
Sept. 6–7	*Schneider Trophy Race, Solent.*
Sept. 10–20	*Aero Club de France Meeting, Le Baule.*

All the Clubs are organising Rallies and "At Homes" during the Summer.

CONFIDENT IN ITS RELIABILITY

The reputation of Cirrus Engines rests not upon words, but upon actual air achievements.

The outstanding aerial feat of the year 1928 was the 12 000 mile flight of Mr. Bert Hinkler from

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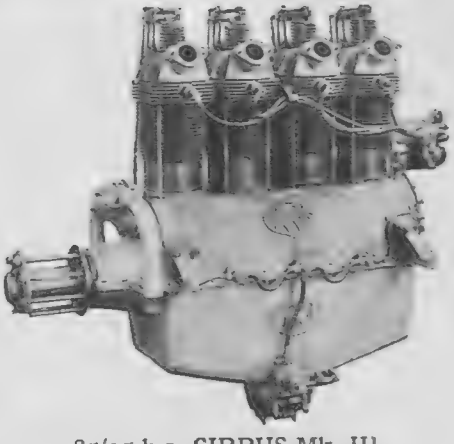
in the record time of 15½ days on a *CIRRUS* engined Avian light aircraft.

THE CIRRUS ENGINE HAS PROVED ITS EFFICIENCY



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NIGHTS of maddening sleeplessness! Your nerves are all on edge! The hours pass with leaden feet, and when morning comes you feel more tired than when you went to bed.

To ensure sound, natural sleep you must soothe and restore your nerves with the wealth of nourishment that "Ovaltine" so abundantly supplies.

For "Ovaltine" is a preparation of the rich nourishment contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk and eggs. Every particle can be absorbed even by the weakest digestion. Every need of the brain and body is supplied by this delicious extraction of Nature's best foods. It supplies concentrated nourishment which is correctly balanced in all the essential food elements and vitamins for restoring and rebuilding the worn cells and tissues of the body, and creating new stores of energy.

For the next few nights take delicious "Ovaltine" just before you retire. Notice how quickly sleep comes to you. Notice, too, how refreshed you feel in the morning—ready for the day's work with renewed energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your "Good-Night" beverage to-night.

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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

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Obtainable throughout the British Empire.

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PRINGLE ON PLEASURE

By IVOR McCLURE

"WHY do people who write of their flying experiences always talk about what happens on the ground instead of what happens in the air?" I asked Pringle.

"I never read them."

This I knew was a lie. Pringle is a professional pilot of long experience and affects to be bored to nausea by everything that concerns aviation. He is good at his job and reads critically everything that is writen about flying, but as he does not like this to be mentioned, I beg you to forget it.

"You read *War Birds*," I said.

"That was a sensible book about getting drunk, not about aviation. After all, what is there to write about in being in an aeroplane. You can't fill more than a chapter about being bored or frightened. You could write a whole volume on that pub we went to in Hamburg or on Sunday in the railway station at Riga! Riga! Think of it, my God! Think of the Latvian flapper!"

THE only monument to civilisation in the station at Riga was a white and shining weighing machine. You stood on it, put in a nickel and the machine loudly digested its observations on your weight, printing these on a ticket. We checked our own tickets with a slide rule and were surprised to find them correct. Then we saw the flapper. I don't want to be rude about the poor girl; some of the folk are sturdily built in those parts. Her parents, after making a reluctant show of indecision, had promised to take her to the station for her Sunday outing.

FOR some hours she had stood before the weighing machine tasting her pleasures in advance. We were present when she consummated her desire. The nickel tinkled and the machine groaned for a while, slowly working itself up through a howl to a piercing shriek, and ending with a crash as though all its innards had fallen through into the cast-iron base. After a perceptible pause, the machine shamefacedly offered her a ticket. She took it and left the station. Twenty minutes later we passed her, still standing outside the station. She had not finished reading her ticket.

Mention of the Latvian flapper only led to the Dane at Danzig.

When we landed at the aerodrome at Danzig there was, amongst those who greeted us, a Dane who spoke English. We were linguistically lazy enough to make use of his services, since he seemed only too anxious to help us. On his advice we agreed to go to a hotel in Zoppot, the seaside pleasure resort about 12 kilometres to the west. He did not recommend the hotels in Danzig, although he was staying there himself. He took us to Zoppot in a high-powered limousine which he borrowed. This led us into temptation, as we had to go to one of the cocktail bars in the hotel to straighten our nerves. When we had been there three hours the Dane murmured something about it being his turn and tried to change a Danish note. The local exchange, the bar tender, was two points more unfavourable than the Dane thought was right, so the Dane put the note back in his pocket. Pringle and I then went up to bath and change. I looked out of my window at the pine trees and the wooded hills to the south, Pringle at the dazzling sands and the Baltic. "Is it true that bathing dresses are not used here?" "You see," I answered. And we did!

FILM PRODUCER (*to old actor*): "But have you had any previous experience of acting without an audience?"
OLD ACTOR: "*Have* I? Why, laddie, that is precisely why I am before you now!"

WHEN we came down about an hour later we found the Dane waiting for us. We found that the car he had borrowed had been sent back. We found, also, that he was disturbingly vague about how he was going to get back to Danzig. We were beginning to wish that he would be quite definite on this point. However, as we were very hungry we all went in to dinner, which was excellent but costly. Pringle and I paid, so we knew. Then the Dane suggested the Casino, where he said there was *roulette*. He took us there and allowed us to make him a temporary member so that he could come in with us. The *roulette* had stopped at 11.45 and the *baccara* was as dull as the people, so we sat and drank beer. I was determined that this beer should be on the Dane. On the excuse that we heard music in another room, Pringle and I made a quick exit.

IN the dance hall Pringle and I settled ourselves round some more beer, for which we had to pay in advance. It seemed odd, but *autres salles, autre mœurs* . . . then the Dane joined us, and I left him to order beer for himself, which he avoided doing. As he seemed to expect us to make a move soon, we assumed attitudes as though we were a Royal Commission who had flown 2,000 miles against perpetual headwinds to see this dancing and were not going to scamp our work. This shook him, and after some minutes of agonised indecision he said good-night. Two hours later, as we were leaving, the waiter went through the movements of being a creditor. I explained that we had paid for our beer in advance. I had not; it was for the beer in the other room that I had paid. The only pleasure that Pringle and I got out of that evening was that we had to go through a tropical downpour to reach our hotel, the puddles were never less than a foot deep, the last 'bus to Danzig, 12 kilometres away, had left three hours ago, and the Dane had no overcoat. Even that joy was marred when we left the hotel two days later and found that there was an extra bedroom on our bill. The Dane had enjoyed that wet night as our guest and no word had been said to us. Pringle pointed out that the hotel had not charged the Dane for a bath. "He did not have one," said the porter.

AS we were having the last quick one before bed, I pointed out to Pringle that of all our memories of some 10,000 miles touring over Europe, none was concerned with flying.

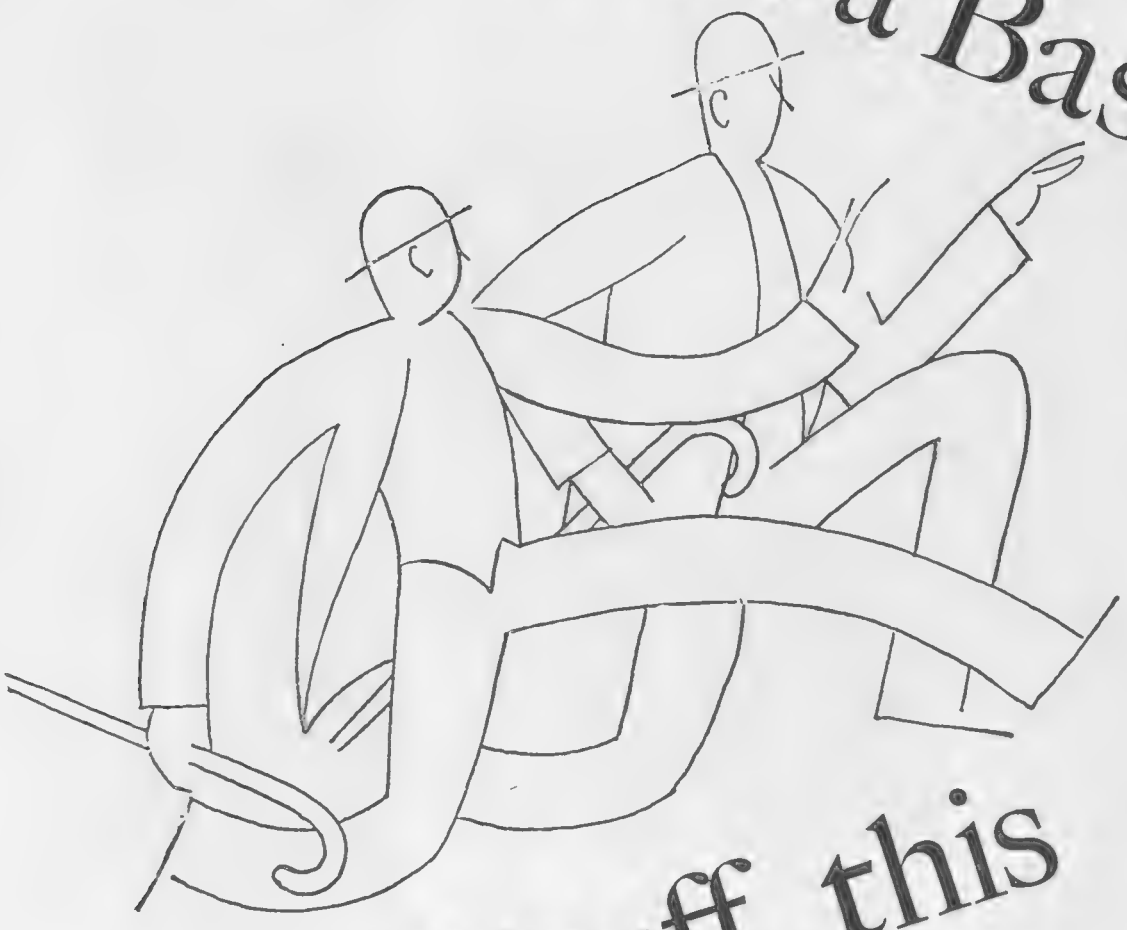
"They are all concerned with flying," he corrected. "If it wasn't for your 'Moth' we could not have afforded the money or the time to see nearly every country in Europe. Flying is merely a means to an end, the shortest way from A to B."

"Not only that," I added. "We have a very vivid impression of the appearance of Europe. We've crossed the Pyrenees and the Alps, the plains of Hungary, the savage swamps that were Russia . . ."

"But you can't talk about that," said Pringle.

It is true that we hardly ever do.

Time for a Bass!



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Great Stuff this

Bass—brewed at Burton—as beer should be brewed. Rich—with the clean strength of ripe hops. Clear—as a mountain stream. Bass, to revive you. Bass, to hearten you. Bass, to unlock the secrets of laughter and good-fellowship. *Great stuff—this Bass!*

BASS!

AN AERODROME IN EVERY TOWN

By SIR ALAN COBHAM, K.B.E., A.F.C.

FIFTEEN years ago flying ceased to be the hobby of cranks, and has passed successively through a time of war, a period when it was a pursuit for the rich, and now has become an integral part of our everyday lives. Our trade and prosperity in future depend upon it. With designers, engineers, and pilots second to none in the world, we are nevertheless lagging behind in one very important respect, and that is the provision of landing grounds. Aviation is a new industry which already employs hundreds of thousands of people throughout the world, and its development has been most marked in those countries where the air sense of the people has been stimulated by the fact that flying has been brought to their doorsteps. Germany and the United States use aircraft for sport and business as a matter of course. Their countries are intersected by air lines between all the principal towns, which have provided, at their own expense, landing grounds to cater for passengers and merchandise by air.

London News Agency

Colonel the Master of Sempill, Colonel Edwards, and Sir Alan Cobham at Croydon Aerodrome. They carried out a series of flying tests to choose a standard type of training aeroplane to be used by twenty-three new aeroplane clubs to be formed by National Flying Services

Every Town an Airport

THERE is no reason why every town in this country should not become an airport. Few places exist which have no flat land in their vicinity, and the mere obstacles of hedges, ditches and trees can soon be removed. All that is needed is an area of more than 80 acres; the more the better, of course, to allow for development which will bring revenue in later years. The site must be chosen with care, as the future prosperity of each town depends on its choice of an aerodrome. Business men and tourists may alight, but no regular air line will choose as a stopping place a town where the airport is badly situated or unsuitably laid out.

Choose Your Ground To-day

LAND bought to-day will be worth many times as much in a few years' time. And what an opportunity for the true sportsman who has the ideal site in the neighbourhood! Its preparation gives work for the unemployed, and the site will be a lasting monument to the foresight of the donor, or whoever is instrumental in bringing it about.

Situation is Everything

I SHOULD like to mention briefly a point which is often forgotten. The usefulness of an aerodrome depends on its situation with regard to the town which it serves, and it is quite useless to have one beyond the suburbs. Thinking in terms of future development, it should be the object of every public authority to earmark its aerodrome in the local town planning scheme with the idea of having it as near the centre as possible. Otherwise, in years to come, the town which neglects its present opportunity will find itself off the map, just as to-day any town without a railway station is considered out in the blue. An aerodrome will remain permanently an open space, a lung from which fresh air is constantly circulating. Aeroplanes will become as quiet as a Rolls-Royce, and will cause no danger or nuisance to those who have prepared for their reception a parking place with proper facilities for alighting and taking off.

Stemming the Tide

YOU might as well try like Canute to stem the tide as to prevent the free passage of aircraft, which by law can proceed anywhere provided that a reasonable height is maintained. But no pilot has a right to land on anything but a licensed aerodrome, and speaking from experience I can say that a forced landing is never made except in an emergency, and it must always be attended by a certain amount of anxiety. To landowners and farmers who write to me, complaining that pilots have landed in their fields, I always point this out, but I add that their complaint is not so much against the pilot, but against the local authority, which has failed to provide a safe landing ground. All landing grounds

Sport and General

An aerial view of the Cinque Ports Flying Club. The photograph was taken at the recent Easter meeting

By permission of "Flight"

A D.H.61, similar to Sir Alan Cobham's air liner to be used on his coming tour of the British Isles

must be licensed by the Air Ministry, and are like seaports in that no captain of a ship would be unaware of their proximity in case of need.

The Cost of an Aerodrome

ONE of the reasons that sea transport is so much cheaper than that by land is because a ship needs no highway. Similar conditions prevail for air transport, and the status of being classed as an airport can be secured by any town without the expense of maintaining a highway. A landing ground for aircraft need not cost much more than the price of the land. No buildings are necessary in the first instance, and in any case these may be erected by private enterprise on the payment of a rental to the corporation concerned. It is essential, however, that any aerodrome site be chosen by someone competent to judge its comparative merits with other sites in the neighbourhood, and after a licence has been obtained the ground should be marked with the name of the town, a wind vane should be erected, a telephone installed, and a man put in charge.

Trade by Air

IT is vital for this country to extend its markets throughout the world and retain its position as a nation of transporters, from which much of our prosperity has been secured in the past. The Air age has arrived, and unless we are equipped to take advantage of its possibilities we shall become second-rate. Given the machines, the engines and the pilots which lead the world in quality, what is there to prevent us from flying out of our rut of post-War depression? Nothing except the stimulus at home and the demand within this country for trade by air. On my tour of the British Isles this summer I hope to be of some assistance at every place I land, by pointing out the obvious position for an airport to any of those responsible for local affairs who care to make a flight with me. With the slogan, "A Thousand Landing Grounds for Britain," there seems no reason why this number should not be reached in a year's time. Other countries are ahead of us already. We have no time to lose!

A. J. C.

Government-owned Civil Air Ports available for public use at which accommodation exists.

CASTLE BROMWICH — LYMPNE (FOLKESTONE)
CROYDON — RENFREW (GLASGOW)

Licensed Civil Aerodromes.

BELFAST — ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY (Seaplanes)
BROOKLANDS — SOUTHAMPTON (WOOLSTON) (Seaplanes)
BROUGH (NR. HULL) — YEOVIL.
COVENTRY (WHITLEY ABBEY) — ST. HELIERS, JERSEY (Seaplanes)
COWES (WEST)
DOVER, OUTER HARBOUR (Seaplanes)

Unlicensed Private Aerodromes.

BROCKWORTH. GLOSTER AIRCRAFT CO., LTD.
BROUGH (NR. HULL). Seaplanes. BLACKBURN AEROPLANE CO.
HAMBLE, SOUTHAMPTON. Seaplanes. FAIREY AVIATION CO.
NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM. AUSTIN MOTOR CO.
YATE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. GEO. PARNALL & CO.

The following Aerodromes are in use by the Light Aeroplane Clubs, whose names are given at the side.

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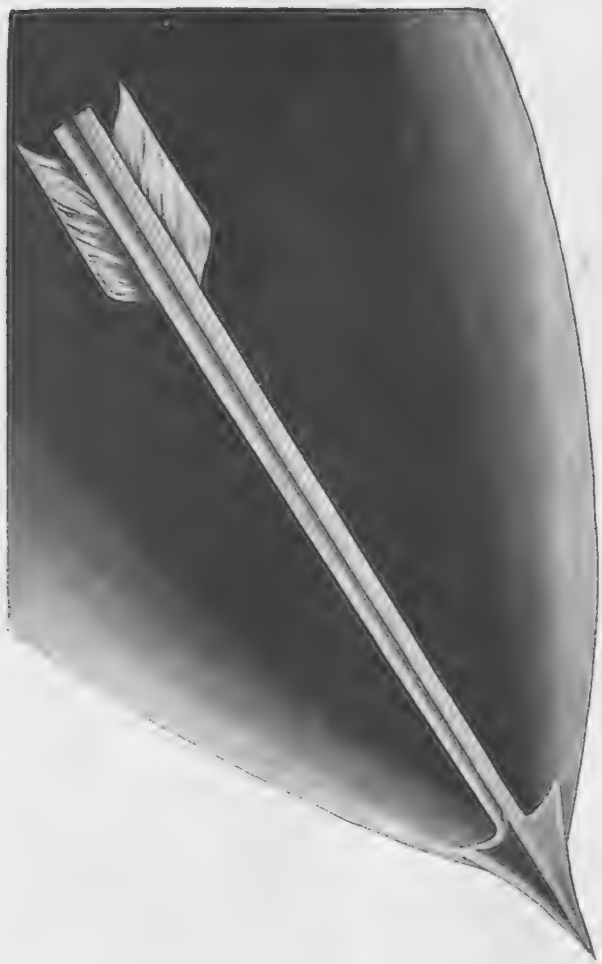

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INSIDE THE BOTTLE

A TOUR in a LIGHT SEAPLANE

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C.

LAST summer I spent one of the most delightful holidays imaginable touring the British Isles in a light seaplane. In fourteen days many places surrounding the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were visited, and, incidentally, I improved my knowledge of geography quite considerably. I found that for variety and charm our scenery has few equals. Only by seaplane could such a tour have been undertaken, as in many of the out-of-the-way spots visited landing grounds of any kind were non-existent and will probably never be found even in years to come. The numerous harbours, bays, rivers, and lochs offer excellent facilities for alighting and taking off under any conditions to be met with in the summer. Simple mooring facilities, such as are used by small yachts, provide all that is required should one wish to stay for a few days. The idea that a small seaplane requires to be brought ashore and housed at the end of a day's flying is quite fallacious. Provided good waterproof covers are available for the engine and cockpit, and all metal parts are suitably protected by painting or otherwise, no deterioration need be feared.

AIRCRAFT offer many obvious advantages, but these can only be gained in full measure by giving reasonable care to the maintenance of the machine and engine, and it may be emphasised that attention does not mean that of a skilled mechanic, but merely that of the ordinary owner-pilot, who would naturally be inspired by pride in his machine. The light seaplane is easy to fly, and, generally speaking, flying conditions over the water are far more comfortable than over the land, and low flying can be indulged in with ease and safety. This is a considerable advantage when one wishes to examine a particularly fine piece of scenery or make the best speed when "bucking into" a head wind. A general knowledge of seamanship and the ways of seamen generally is very useful, in fact essential, when one alights in a crowded harbour. Taking off and alighting with a seaplane is more interesting and pleasant than bumping about over a rough field in an aeroplane. The former bears a close resemblance to the sensations met with in ski-ing and motor-boating.

THE Blackburn "Bluebird," the machine used on this particular tour, was fitted with a five-cylinder air-cooled Genet engine of 80 h.p. A hand-starting gear was provided, and this could be operated when standing on the port float. This type of machine has a unique feature, that of side-by-side seating for pilot and passenger. All other machines have the seats arranged in tandem, an arrangement not nearly so convenient for the pilot, nor so sociable from the passenger's point of view. Conversation can be carried on without the aid of telephones, and the passenger can be of great help in looking out the various maps and attending to the commissariat. Dual control is fitted, so that the machine may be flown from either seat with equal convenience. A locker at the back of the seats provides ample room for the necessary spares and light luggage.

Central Press

The giant flying boat "Calcutta" flying over the Isle of Wight. It is similar in type to the machines used on the Mediterranean service to India

UNDER normal conditions the cruising speed is in the neighbourhood of 75-80 m.p.h., and flights of 300-350 miles can be made without refuelling. This gives an average petrol consumption of 18-20 miles to the gallon. The ordinary engine used in light aircraft runs on petrol and oil obtainable at any garage. On this tour these supplies had in certain instances to be provided for in advance, as places were visited where no garages existed. The tins were brought out in a small dinghy, the petrol being, of course, filtered through a chamois leather so as to trap any foreign matter.

THE first stopping place in Scotland was a large reservoir, situated 1,000ft. up in the Peeblesshire hills, that provides the main supply for Edinburgh. The city authorities had kindly given permission for the machine to be moored there for a few days, a definite promise being given that no petrol or oil, likely to upset the digestions of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, should be spilt! That this promise was satisfactorily kept may be judged from the fact that a cordial invitation was extended to return again. The small anchor carried on the machine did not provide sufficient holding power in the strong winds that were blowing, and so the "Bluebird" was moored fore and aft in a well-sheltered cove. The mooring tackle carried was supplemented by the loan of some extra rope kindly provided by the local Seine-net experts.

IN order to visit friends in Ayrshire, a short flight over land had to be made. One might mention in this connection that the flight of a seaplane over land is less dangerous in the event of an engine failure than the flight of an aeroplane over the water. In the former case a landing could be made involving at the worst damage to the floats, whereas in the latter case the

Colonel Sempill's "Bluebird" on Inverary Castle Loch, Argyllshire

machine at least becomes a total wreck if not a complete loss.

To anyone wishing to see the West Coast of Scotland in all its beauty and grandeur the seaplane may be recommended with confidence. With a base on a small loch near Ayr, visits were paid to the outlying islands and places like Inveraray and Loch Lomond. When flying over this famous loch a sudden storm arose, and shelter was taken in a small croft on one of the islands in the middle of the lake, the machine being moored the while on the lee-side. The two inhabitants of this island, whose combined ages totalled at least 140, although they had never seen aircraft at close quarters, evinced, as is the habit of the Scots, no undue curiosity at this unexpected visitation from above!

The next port of call was Aberdeen, where the harbour dues were 2d. more than had been paid in harbours south of the Tweed! Here the local gulls took a great fancy to the upper planes, about which they strutted with all the importance of an admiral on his quarter-deck.

After a flight of a few hours, that Mecca of record-breakers—John o' Groat's—was reached, a halt being called in Thurso Bay, where a very heavy sea was running, necessitating alighting close in-shore under the cliffs. The following day Cape Wrath—the extreme north-westerly point of Scotland—was rounded under conditions that gave the lie to its sinister name and appearance. The scenery of this wildly beautiful but sadly deserted coast can only be truly appreciated from a height of some 500ft. The water is so clear that on a calm day the bottom may be seen at a considerable depth. The brilliant colouring is intensified by the background of sand, looking for all the world like powdered silver.

Before carrying on across to Belfast stops were made at Strome Ferry and Oban for petrol. In Belfast only one thing seemed to matter, and that was the great motor race taking place next day. On the flight south, half an hour was spent in watching the early struggles of the various competitors. After a short stop at Wexford for petrol, a course was set for St. David's Head. Turning to the southward, Falmouth was reached in the dark.

The last stage was up-Channel to Dover, and thence to the Welsh Harp, Hendon, whence the tour had started exactly fourteen days before.

Now that the number of light aeroplane owners is on the increase, it is to be hoped that the seaplane, too long neglected, will receive the attention of many who are contemplating joining this growing movement. This aspect should interest many who are keen on yachting and motor-boating, but who might like to travel faster and farther. To an island race the combined charms of sea and air can hardly fail to make an irresistible appeal, in particular as it is becoming widely realised that the future commercial prosperity of the British Empire depends so largely on the creation of a healthy and vigorous development of civil aviation.

W. F. F-S.

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The headquarters of the National Flying Services, the London Air Park at Hanworth. The two aerodromes can be clearly seen in the above aerial photograph

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PARIS GOSSIP

NEWSPAPERS, MOTORING—and a MOKE

By JAY MARTIN

Sketches by SCHUS

I JUST saw a lot of green buds blooming on the more or less transitory trees of the Champs Elysées. Transitory, because once again the Conseil Municipal or Prefet de la Seine, or whoever it is who attends to the gardening around here, is pulling out the old chestnuts, and replacing them by plane trees. Which reminds me of a criticism a friend of mine made about the Francophile George Moore. "Moore is so affected," he said, "that if he walked along here and saw these trees, he would say, 'What is the English word for *marronière*?'"

ANYHOW, I am not here to talk about trees, but merely about the perfectly vagan effects they have on me. I am just one of those woodsy little creatures who, upon seeing the green sights of spring, instead of going crazy and throwing off my clothes, as all the best people did in the days of mythology, I just go crazy and buy a lot of new ones.

"Newsdealer's expression when you buy a cheap newspaper"

THIS is not going to be a very intellectual article, as I motored so much and so fast this week-end that my brains were practically blown out. We started off by riding out to St. Germain to have dinner at the Henri IV. We had been a trifle too optimistic about the weather, and it died on us. Just before starting elsewhere, I sat there being gallicised enough to like to linger about the table. The others started up, and I said to one of the boys: "I say, are you rushing?" "No," he answered, "I am Canadian."

KIKI ROY, the daughter of the Canadian Minister in Paris, was with us, and she told us how the night of the Armistice, in 1918, her father danced a little waltz with the Prince of Wales. We went back to town, first to the Bœuf-sur-le-Toit and then to the Grand Ecart, where we felt very intelligent upon seeing André Maurois, the author of "La Vie de Disraeli."

Maurois is the greatest authority on English literature in France. He was with his wife, who was Simone de Caillevet, daughter of the dramatist, and granddaughter of the Madame de Caillevet, who was such a great friend of Anatole France.

I DECIDED to avoid a lot of friends on Sunday. They were going to Deauville, so early in the morning we started off for Le Touquet. We lunched at the Hermitage, and not seeing more than eight or ten people whom we knew we felt perfectly miserable. "Let us avoid all earthly and sordid things like gambling," I said, "and enjoy Nature instead." So we took a walk and I was so enraptured by the sky and sea and pine trees (the pines at Touquet looks like one or two matches compared to those at Pebble Beach in California), nevertheless, I was feeling very back-to-nature until I saw the grandest hat in Maria Guy's shop. It was just a silly little soft sports hat made of chamois. You can do anything you want with it: put it in your pocket, or golf bag, or polish up your windshield with it. It has a soft, floppy brim that is very *sayante*. On the way back to town we stopped at Beauvais for dinner, and I thought we might be able to see the Cathedral and at least a couple of tapestries. Instead, on entering the Hotel de France et d'Angleterre, we saw Madame Dubonnet (Jean Nash) or Jean Nash (Madame Dubonnet) also wearing a hat from Maria Guy. This one was of straw, turned off the face, close to the head on one side and rather long on the other.

FOR touring France there is nothing like starting off from Paris early and returning late, the same day. Then you do not need a chaperone. So the following morning we went to Ermenonville, a most gorgeous part of the country on the Senlis road. The Chateau d'Ermenonville is situated in the forest belonging to the late Prince Leon Radziwill, who bequeathed the chateau and village to his nephew, the Comte Armand de la Rochefoucauld. I think that was a pretty lucky break for Armand, don't

PORGY AND CO.

The Theatrical Guild Company of "Porgy," a cast sixty-five strong, photographed on their arrival in London prior to the recent production at His Majesty's Theatre. The cast consists almost entirely of negroes

you? The *domaine* also contains the tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau, but we had much more fun in the restaurant, called the "Hotellerie de Jean-Jacques," which is operated by Armand, too, only he is in Switzerland just now. There are some picturesque towers and lakes and a lot of ducks around the restaurant, and some brilliant blue and red chairs on the terrace back of the *hotellerie*. Within the food is awfully good, and the walls are covered with English sporting prints. The Prince and Princesse Sixte de Bourbon were lunching there, and afterwards democratically played bridge with the *patronne*.

THE magnificent Avenue de Bois de Boulogne has been renamed "L'Avenue du Marechale Foch." It is assuredly the most beautiful street in Paris, but I do not understand its choice as a tribute to the memory of Foch, as, excepting its proximity to the Arc de Triomphe, it bears no associations with the Marechale. I wonder that the authorities did not select some street such as the Rue de Grenelle, where he lived, or the streets in the *quartier* of the Invalides or Ecole Militaire. The Avenue de Bois was created in 1854, and its dimensions, twelve hundred metres in length and one hundred and twenty in width, were fixed by Baron Haussman.

ANOTHER street is to be named after the late American Ambassador, Myron Herrick. During the War, on the eve of the departure of the Government for Bordeaux, the Ambassador was called to the telephone by James Gordon Bennett, the newspaper publisher, who told him that the Government was leaving Paris. "But the Americans are staying," Herrick replied. He then took to Bennett's printing plant the following notice, printed in French and German, which was placed upon all the buildings in Paris which were occupied by his compatriots:

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L'ambassadeur:
MYRON T. HERRICK.

I AM a proud possessor of to-day's *L'Ami du Peuple*. That in itself isn't a literary acquisition, as it only costs ten centimes: but it is difficult to buy, being boycotted by the newsvendors. It is owned by Coty, the proprietor of the *Figaro*. *Figaro* is no longer *Le Figaro*. This paper was founded in 1826, and it seems that they just discovered that to call it *Le Figaro* was an anachronism. Obituary: the old *Gaulois* has passed out, and has been absorbed by *Figaro*. The latter is now bigger and better. It is rather fun to ask for different newspapers in Paris. In the old days (two weeks ago) if you wanted a *Gaulois*, the newsvendor would merely look at you and silently sneer "Snob." If you demanded *L'Action Francaise* you might be hit over the head for being a Royalist. To read *L'Ami du Peuple* is to be considered a sort of French Fascist, and if you read *Figaro*, you are just a dumb-belle. I always read *Figaro*.

LEON DAUDET, the exiled editor of the *Action Française*, has just published "Paris Vécu." He traces the history of the Paris he has seen by streets. Unfortunately, his eye is embittered, as every step is haunted by the murder of his son Phillipe. But Leon Daudet, the son of Alphonse Daudet, the author of "Sapho," lacks the objective viewpoint of a creative writer. He is the jaundiced journalist. He is anti-everything. He says, "*J'ai toujours deteste l'Empire,*" just as he detests Briand and Poincaré, and brings up the Dreyfus case in a rage or rabid racial prejudice. The only pleasant thing he has to say about the present day is that the writers and artists of the present generation were not drunkards . . . "*ne fut pas touchée comme la précédente—celle d'Arène, de Mendès, de Villiers de l'Isle Adam, de Gill.*" It was after the last, according to Daudet, that the Lapin Agile, the first *cabaret dit artistique*, was named: it was intended for "*Lapin à Gill.*"

NO mention is made of this derivation, however, in Francis Carco's "*De Montmartre Au Quartier Latin,*" a work that is not new, but filled with glowing reminiscences and impressions of the past twenty years' artistic and literary life in Paris. Carco relates a most amusing story of the crowd that haunted the funny little cabaret on top of Montmartre, a crowd that included Max Jacob, Pierre Mac Orlan, Guillaume Appolinaire, André Warnod, and Roland Dorgélés. In the early twentieth century, they were all terribly poor (Carco himself used to steal early morning milk bottles in order not to starve), Frédé, the patron of the Lapin Agile, adored artists, whether known or unknown, and Dorgélés, in appreciation of his hospitality, determined to make Lolo, Frédé's pet donkey, famous.

IT was Dorgélés and Warnod who tied a paint brush to Lolo's tail, and solemnly sent the resultant canvas to the *Salon des Indépendants*, titled, "*Et le soleil se coucha sur l'Adriatique,*" and signed in large letters: "Joachim Raphaël Boronali." The painting was the sensation of the Salon, but Lolo evidently resented her fictitious name, for she never presented a picture again. J. M.

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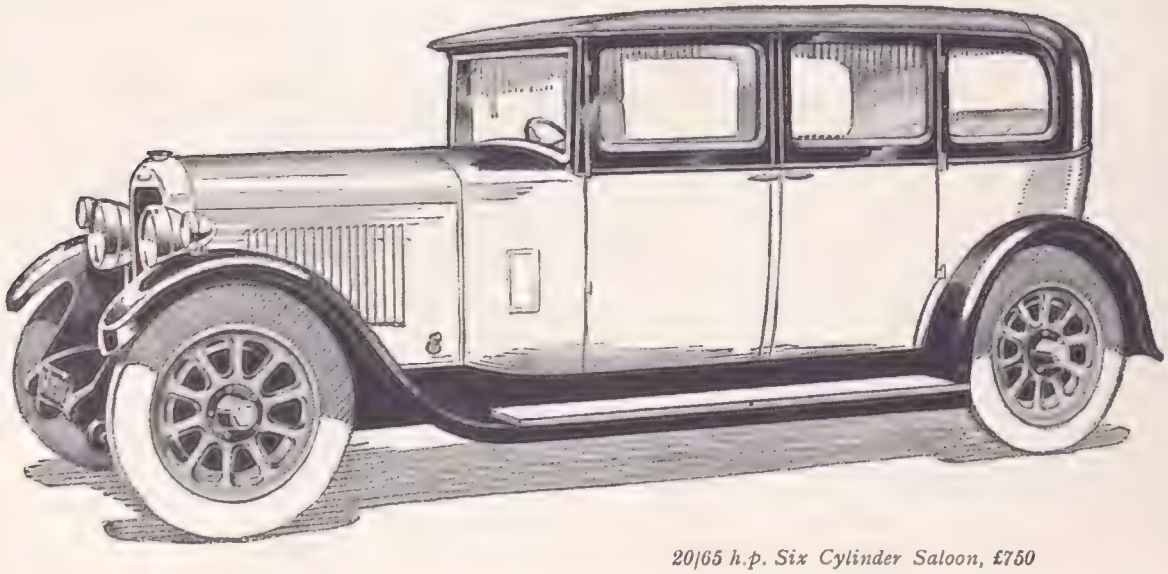

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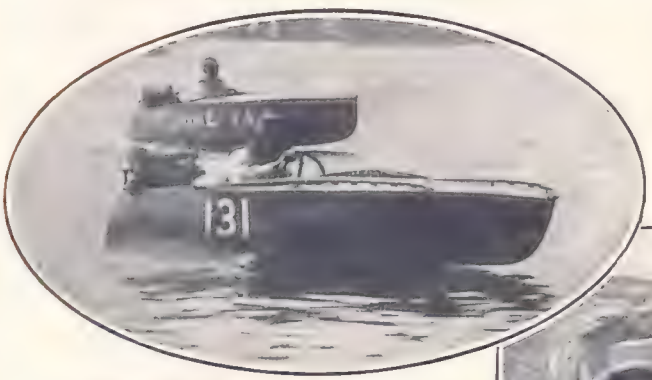
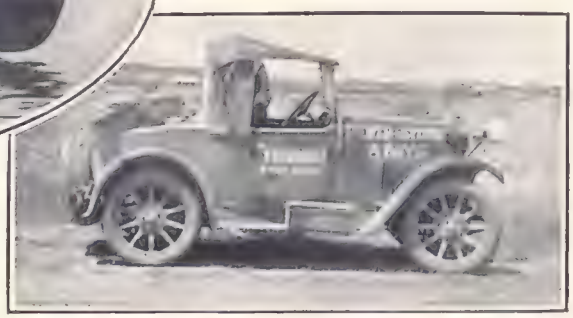


Above. — Mr. H. J. P. Bomford's "Seahopper" (in the foreground), one of the most successful outboard motor boats last season, was lubricated with Mobiloil exclusively.



Right. — Mr. P. W. Armstrong's Triumph Super Seven on its long and arduous journey across Australia. Mr. Armstrong chose Mobiloil for reasons of quality and reliability.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WOMEN IN WONDERLAND.

By RALPH STRAUS

At a luncheon party a few weeks ago I sat next to a young woman who had many interesting things to say. We talked about books. She seemed to be very well read, but I was surprised to hear that she had never read *Alice in Wonderland*. She had long been meaning to do so, but somehow never had. And I, envying her—fancy reading *Alice* for the first time at twenty-five!—and having drunk a wine which is seldom seen at luncheon parties, insisted on taking her straightway to a bookshop, where I presented her with a copy. It was a cheap edition, but it contained all the Tenniel illustrations. And I said: "You will bless me for evermore."

❋

It is easy to be too optimistic. She wrote me a polite letter of thanks. She had read every word of the book, she said, but could not honestly say that she had been more than very mildly amused. It might be all very well for a child, but she supposed that she herself was rather too old for that sort of thing." I admit I was piqued, more particularly after re-reading the book and finding that for me it had lost none of its attraction. And yet, perhaps, there is nothing very odd in the fact of somebody these days finding *Alice* not altogether to her taste. After all, Lewis Carroll *did* write his book for a child, and never supposed that grown-updom would adopt it; and certainly never dreamt that one day his manuscript would change hands at thirty thousand pounds.

❋

Now I would not ordinarily have mentioned this trifling affair, but it so happens that since that day I have twice had occasion to recall it. The young woman was "not amused" by *Alice*, but she had been interested in Tenniel's picture of the Duchess, which she thought reminded her of something else. I was able to tell her that Quintin Matsys's portrait of Margarete Maultasch, a real duchess, had stood for the original. And only a week or two later comes the news that the cheap edition of Feuchtwanger's novel, *The Ugly Duchess* (Secker: 3*s.* 6*d.*), has upset a section of the trade for no other reason but that this astonishing picture is reproduced on its jacket! Well, well, well! Herr Feuchtwanger and Mr. Secker have my sympathy. The duchess's portrait is hardly a thing of beauty, but what a masterpiece it is! And what more suitable jacket could have been chosen? None.

❋

But I also thought of my wasted copy of *Alice* after reading a first novel of quite uncommon charm, called *The Rich Young Man* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Now this book, the work of Miss G. M. Attenborough, is wholly and exactly right. It is beautifully written, it shows wide and sympathetic reading, it contains a delicate little romance, and you would love to meet every one of its people. There is not a page in which you cannot find something good, and you are transported to a world which is deliciously aloof—a kind of Wonderland, in fact.

MR. CROSBIE GARSTIN

Whose latest book, "Houp La!" (Chatto and Windus), is reviewed on this page

And I can imagine the young woman who found *Alice* so little to her liking complaining about Miss Attenborough's book. Very charming, no doubt, I can hear her saying, but does this marvellous Samela exist, and do bishops "confirm" girls in parks, and who can believe in a girl, no matter how many godlike connoisseurs bring her up, who loves a nice young man and yet refuses to marry him until he has given all his money away? Sentimentality run riot, she would probably add.

❋

To my mind, however, these things don't matter in the least. Here you have what is really a fairy tale. Samela, and her Mr. Twig, and her dreadful family, and the bishop, and the lawyer who dares to charge high fees, and the rich young man himself—they probably do not exist. They probably never could have existed. But how truly delightful it would be were one able to go up to the Midlands and shake them all by the hand! Samela may be, in the modern jargon, impossible; Mr. Twig may be too heavenly, even for a connoisseur with the ideal shop: why not? In Wonderland anything may happen. The point is that Wonderland itself is a highly delectable neighbourhood to live in, and if there are no houses vacant the next best thing is to secure a really good guide like Miss Attenborough to show you round. *The Rich Young Man* is certainly one of the most satisfactory first novels I have read for a very considerable time.

❋

Which reminds me that another Wonderland, though of a very different kind, is to be found in Mr. Crosbie Garstin's extravaganza—that, perhaps, is not the right word—called *Houp La!* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.*). A light-hearted frolic it is, wherein one Bill Blades, who is a real belted earl, has curious adventures on land and sea, and finds a bride in a circus troupe which is wrecked, with him, on some uncomfortably far-away island. An inconsequential affair, but high-spirited and amusing enough, and perhaps Mr. Garstin will some day tell us what happened to Sally Baun when she exchanged the flaming hoop for her husband's lordly demesne. It should make jolly reading.

❋

So much, then, for two novels which go off the rails, so to speak, and cheerfully damn all the consequences. I pass on to two others which steer a much more ordinary course. There is a type of novel which is good, workmanlike stuff and little else. Hundreds of such novels are published every year. You read them with a mild enjoyment, and perhaps a sentence or two stays in your mind, but in a little while their stories have become merged into one another, and you cannot remember in which one came the distressing divorce and in which the woman who was unable to acknowledge her son.

❋

It is to this type, I feel, that Miss E. Almaz Stout's new novel, *The Unpaid Debt* (Putnam: 7*s.* 6*d.*), clearly belongs. It is good, workmanlike stuff, but what else? There is a young man of mysterious parentage. He believes in heredity. He is a bit of a prig. He becomes engaged to a Gloucestershire girl. A lady in the neighbourhood turns out to be his mother. She has allowed her husband to die (by not giving him the medicine that was ordered) and been sent to prison. She "murdered" him because he was a drunken maniac who was trying to make his small son like himself.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

AND then, of course, the young man quarrels with his girl and begins to drink, and things go from bad to worse, and all the time you are only waiting for the moment when he will smash the bottles of whisky and forget his theories about heredity, and fall into his mother's arms. All of which duly happens, as it has been happening in fiction for the last hundred years.

❋

MUCH the same is true of *The Garden of Illusion* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by G. V. Ellis. The machine seems to have been hard at work. An unhappily married publisher falls in love with the sister of one of his authors. He separates from his wife, and there follows one of those nicely platonic friendships in which wives cannot be expected to believe. He falls ill, and the wife returns to nurse him. Obviously she must be got rid of in some way or other, and so she and the baby he had hitherto asked for in vain are made to die.

❋

I ADMIT that Mr. Ellis writes in an interesting way. I admit that he makes his people alive. But all the while you cannot rid yourself of the idea that you were reading almost precisely the same book last year, or the year before last. It may be argued that, as the number of human stories to be told is limited, this must necessarily be so, but I feel that there are ways and means of giving novelty to even the hoariest themes, and it is just here that both Miss Stout and Mr. Ellis have failed. R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE SEA CAVE. By Gordon Volk. (Skeffington: 7s. 6d.)

O PETRINA. By A. A. Thomson. (Jenkins: 7s. 6d.)

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. By E. Maria Remarque. (Putnam: 7s. 6d.)

A SUMMER IDYLL. By Sir John Otter. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

RELEASE. By Jeannette Phillips Gibbs. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)

FLEUR-DES-LYS. By J. G. Sarasin. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

MURDER ISLAND. By W. Martyn. (Jenkins: 7s. 6d.)

BLACK DESTINY. By C. Rushton. (Jenkins: 7s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF THE GYPSIES. By Konrad Bercovici. (Jonathan Cape: 12s. 6d.)

GREAT MODERN BRITISH PLAYS. By J. W. Marriott. (George Harrap: 8s. 6d.)

MOTORING TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By Earl of Cottenham. (Methuen: 5s.)

THE LIFE OF MRS. BESANT. By G. West. (G. Howe: 15s.)

THE MYSTERIOUS BARONNE DE FEUCHERE. By Louis Andre. (Hutchinson: 12s. 6d.)

TWO PLAYS. By Lion Feuchtwanger. (Secker: 6s.)

RED CAVALRY. By I. Babel. (Knopf: 6s.)

THE MODERN TAVERN. By Liam O'Flaherty. (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.)

HEAVY CLAY. By Denise Robins. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)

COSTUMES BY EROS. By Conrad Aiken. (Jonathan Cape: 7s. 6d.)

THE CRIME OF SYBIL CRESSWELL. By E. F. Spence. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)

THE LAWLESS FRONTIER. By Mary Gaunt. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)

THE PERILOUS SECRET. By Dennis Peacock. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

DRUMS OF YOUTH. By Margery Lawrence. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)

SOME THRILLERS

THE PERFECT MURDER CASE. By Christopher Bush. (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Quite an engaging little business, with some pleasantly new features. Somebody startles England by writing to the newspapers to say that he proposes to commit a murder. The date, and, roughly, the locality, are given. Is it a hoax? No, because at the appointed time somebody is found in the right place very dead indeed. Four brothers are the only likely murderers, and yet all of them have seemingly perfect alibis. Mr. Franklin, however, is a detective of the bulldog breed. He may lack the true Sherlockian touch, but thoroughly deserves his success. When the problem has been solved there is no disappointment, and it seems to me that Mr. Bush has begun very well indeed.

❋

NEMESES AT RAYNHAM PARVA. By J. J. Connington. (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Is it ever *necessary* to commit a murder? Perhaps it is. In any case Mr. Connington makes one of his characters kill somebody off very neatly indeed, and I really do not see what else he could have done. *His* murder, however, is not the only one in this exciting and well-written story, and although there may be less to guess than is usual in Mr. Connington's puzzles, the new one is well up to standard.

❋

THE MARKED PISTOL. By J. C. Lenehan. (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—A good and not too complicated yarn, though I spotted the murderer of the unpleasant Dennison long before Mr. Lenehan meant me to do so. To be fair, however, I should explain that I only managed to do this by deliberately choosing the unlikeliest fellow who was not too far away from the scene of the crime at the time of its committal. And even so I read on with considerable enjoyment.

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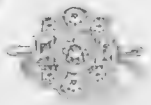
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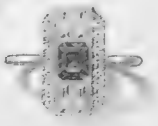
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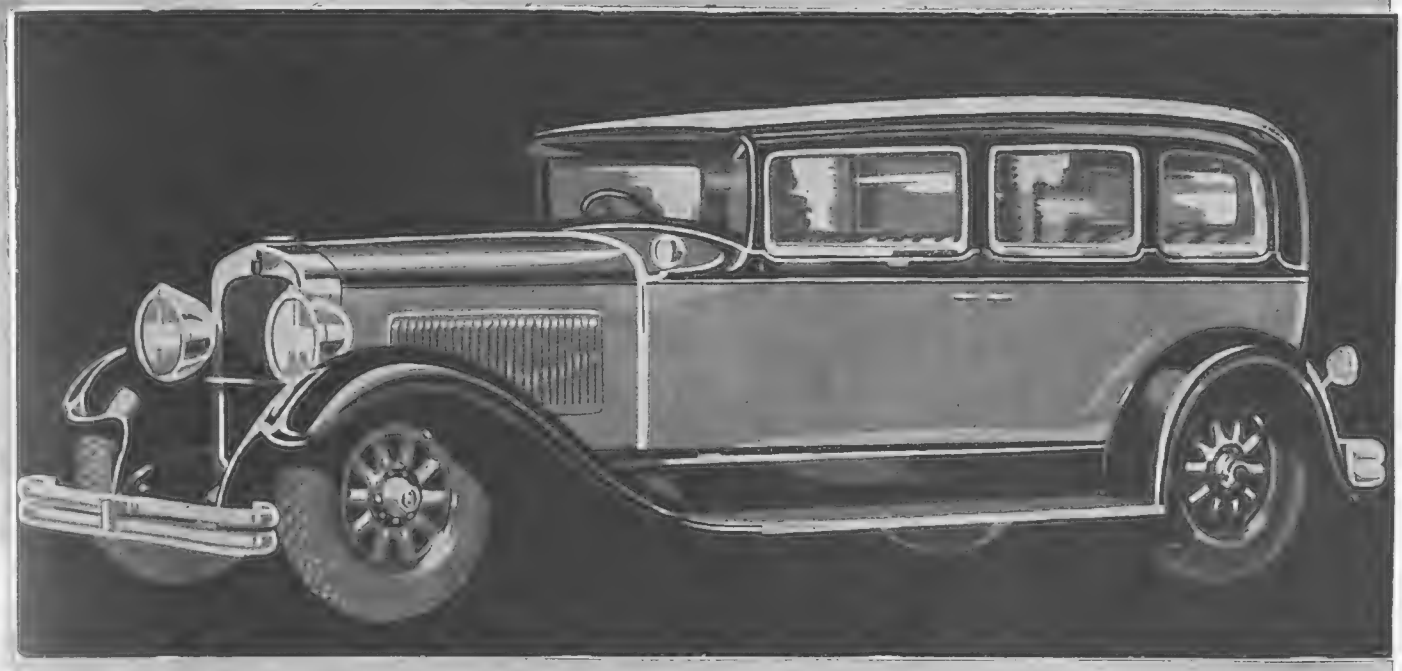

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AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

A NURSERY FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

MR. J. S. F. MORRISON

THE English Native Amateur Golf Championship, which is to be played on the Gosforth course at Newcastle-on-Tyne next week, met with a mixed reception in the inaugural year of 1925, and, though now apparently established as a leading event, it is still regarded by many critics as a useless encumbrance in an overloaded calendar. Fortunately, there is plenty of evidence to the contrary, and the fact that public support in the matter of entries is increasing rather than decreasing suggests that the English Golf Union acted wisely in organising a championship for Englishmen only.

IT should not be forgotten that our two most recent British Amateur Champions have been closely identified with the English Golf Union's tournament, for both Dr. Wm. Tweddell and T. P. Perkins competed in the 1927 event at Little Aston, where Perkins was successful. Tweddell, who was beaten in the sixth round, won the British Amateur title a few weeks afterwards, and last year Perkins followed suit, after losing to J. A. Stout in the final round of the English event. Stout, of course, is one of the "discoveries" of the English championship. He made his first appearance in championship golf at Royal Lytham and St. Annes last year, and won the title—surely a most auspicious start for one of the longest drivers in amateur golf.

IF the English Amateur Championship is to be regarded as a nursery for young players, a battlefield where the coming golfer may win his spurs, I should be inclined to regard E. R. Tipple as the outstanding "discovery" of last year's tournament. Entered from a Welsh club, he displayed excellent form, and reached the semi-final round, where he was defeated by the ultimate winner. Such a performance stamped this eighteen-years-old golfer as a future champion, for he needs only experience to take his place in the front rank of British amateurs.

MR. J. A. STOUT

Tall and strong, he swings the club with boyish exuberance, and hits the ball with all his strength, but this display of free power does not seem to impair his accuracy in the long game. Stout, on the other hand, is a very long hitter who is not always straight, and his victory last year was gained rather by his great powers of recovery than by an exhibition of virtuous straightness through the green. The Bridlington amateur, who is a dentist by profession, will be defending his title next week, and is quite likely to emulate the performance of T. F. Ellison, the Liverpool golfer, who won the championship two years in succession.

AMONG the well-known golfers who have announced their intention of taking part in next week's tournament are J. B. Beddard, one of the two Midlanders who reached the final round in 1927; J. S. F. Morrison, the happy-go-lucky giant who played at golf, cricket, and football for Cambridge; T. A. Bourn, another Cantab and a half-brother to Morrison, who was beaten by Tipple in the sixth round last year; and E. B. Tipping, the well-known Sussex amateur, who reached the semi-final stage of last year's British Amateur Championship. Tipping presents a curiosity in qualifications, for he was born in Dublin in 1888, but a few weeks later was conveyed to Scotland, where he lived for many years and where he served his apprenticeship to the Royal and Ancient game. Since 1910, however, he has been identified with English golf, and is eligible to compete in the English Championship, though if questioned on the matter of his nationality he would, I am inclined to believe, describe himself as a Scotsman.

G. E. COUSINS.

MR. E. R. TIPPLE

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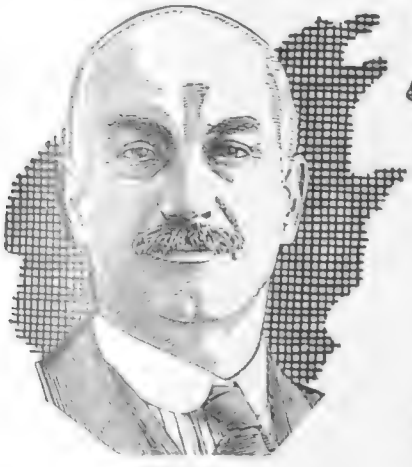

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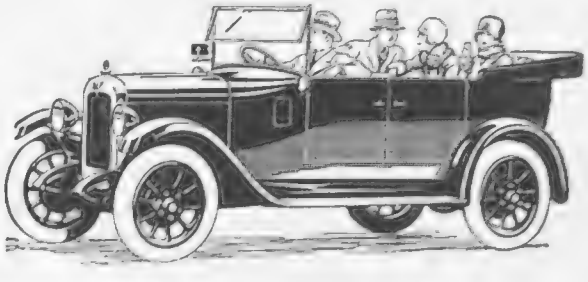

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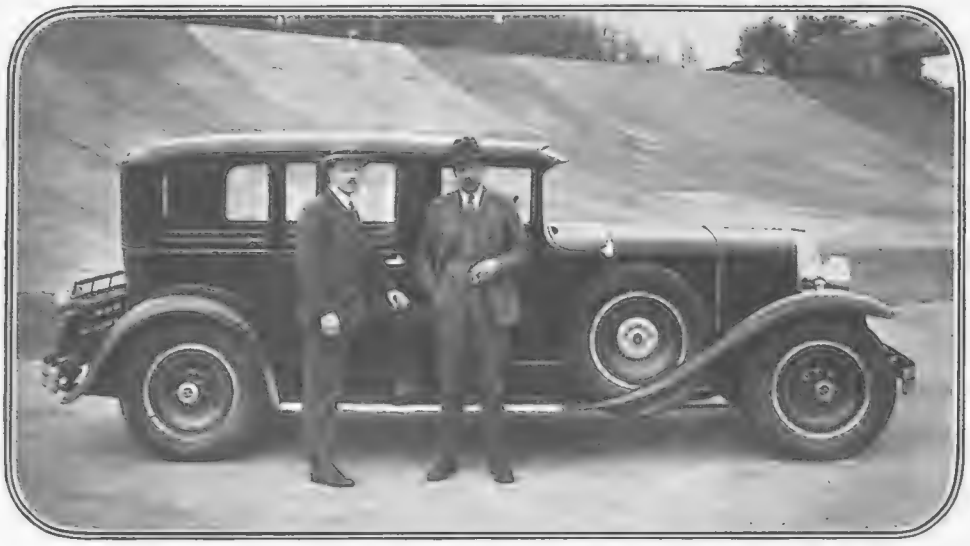
A.J.W.

MOTOR NOTES

WELCOME TO A SPORTSMAN . . .

By E. M WRIGHT



Mr. A. G. Payne (left), Managing Director of Graham-Paige Motors, Ltd., and Mr. D. M. K. Marendaz with the Straight Eight Graham-Paige saloon in which the latter broke the International Class B records for 200 kilos and 200 miles at Brooklands. He averaged 76.97 and 77.77 m.p.h. respectively

We are such a nation of shopkeepers that we feel it incumbent upon ourselves to explain away a sporting achievement by the suggestion of more material benefit. When we sent our cricketers to Australia we would not have it thought that our primary object was to defend the "Ashes." We must needs bring in references to the "bonds of Empire"—as if the average citizen cares two straws about Imperial politics as he rushes out to buy an "evening" paper (ere the morning has properly begun) so as to see the latest Test Match score. Similarly when a party of plucky mountaineers has a shot at Mount Everest, our Press and our after-dinner speakers harp on the "scientific value" of such an expedition. The sporting side of an effort to conquer the world's highest mountain is touched on rather as an after-thought and with half-expressed apologies

***

So it is with our Major Segrave. By the time these lines appear he will be back again amongst us, receiving, as is his due, a truly royal welcome. Far be it from me to decry the valuable data obtained as the result of his wonderful victory. Far be it from me to belittle the immense fillip which such an exploit has given to the prestige of British engineering; nor could anyone begrudge the rewards, in the shape of widespread publicity, that have come the way of the firms and individuals who took part in fitting out the "Golden Arrow." If they have gained might as the result of Segrave's success, they are justly entitled to do so.

***

But have we made enough of the *sporting* side? "Flirting with death" is a trite phrase which the headline writer keeps up his sleeve for the reports which are from time to time published of some more startling act of stupidity on the part of a pedestrian or cyclist; but that hackneyed phrase does in sober truth describe the risks involved by such a speed test as that at Daytona. The famous beach has already seen more than one tragedy. Surely a feat which calls for courage of the highest order and the display of iron nerve is eminently worthy of being ranked among the greatest of our sporting achievements.

***

And then you hear from time to time the query, was the £18,000 spent on the car worth while? Regarding the matter purely as a commercial transaction, quite probably it was not. But is the monetary side of the question, then, of such supreme importance? No one grudges the money spent on equipping a team that will worthily represent this country, say, at an Olympiad—and it is a very costly business. No one, to bring the matter nearer home, grudges the money spent on a tennis racquet, on club fees, and so on indefinitely. We do not judge such expenditure from a utilitarian point of view at all. Other considerations weigh in our minds.

***

Very shortly now our victorious cricketers will be home again, with the "Ashes" safely in their keeping. Has not Major Segrave wrested "ashes," as dearly prized, from the custody of the Americans? They do not in the States play cricket, and their football is different from our own games. May we not, therefore, regard these speed contests as a fair field for sporting rivalry between the two nations? Major Segrave has undoubtedly brought us home worthy "ashes." Long may he keep them for us!

***

Which is the most important of the controls on a motor car? Surely it is the one which is most indispensable, no matter what the car, or who the driver. It is claimed for some cars that they can almost do without the gear lever. A practised driver seldom uses the brakes. If the accelerator pedal should fail, one could at a pinch set the throttle and drive on the gears. As to the clutch, I have seen an old pre-war Rolls-Royce, with dual ignition, started up in top gear by switching on the trembler coil when the cylinders were full of gas, and driven miles without the clutch being touched. There remains only, then, the steering.

(*Continued on page viii*)

M. Furrer, the Swiss agent for the Elto Motor Sales Co., of 34, Harrison Street, W.C.1, with his Elto outboard hydroplane, which he carries on the top of his car. The narrowness and steepness of the roads make a trailer impossible

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

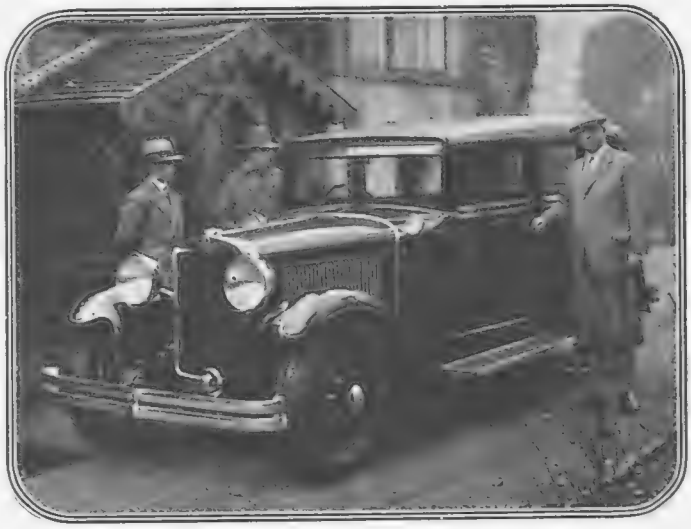
Here is a factor which is more continuously in use than all the rest of the controls put together, and surely this is the one control capable of impressing on us outstanding merit or the reverse. In other words, it is the one control that more than any other can make us love or hate a car, according as the steering is superlatively good or abhorrently bad.

***

AMONGST several excellent features in one of the Nash Advanced Sixes that I tried recently, delightfully easy and positive steering is the most noticeable, and it made driving a great pleasure. While I admire many features of the American car, *e.g.*, its springing and ample engine power—there are others at which I look askance; for instance, the non-adjustable driving seat, the high control pedals, the "hair-shirt" upholstery, and the sameness in body shapes and mudguards, which every manufacturer, except Ford and Essex, seem to draw from the same press. I cannot say that the Nash has converted me. I cannot deny that I am still looking for the American car with some claim to individuality in its appearance, if in nothing else—one that can be recognised from any aspect, as can our Daimler or Riley, or any English make. But I suppose that it is a matter of taste, and that what is one man's poison may well be another man's meat. I suppose that we shall come to accept a standardised car when economic considerations and foreign competition compel us to—when our British enthusiasm for silly ideals gives place to universal worship of sheer utility.

***

MEANWHILE the Nash is an excellent example of those middle-class American cars that offer really exceptional value for money in horse-power and substantiality per pound sterling. One point I particularly liked about the finish of this model, which was the saloon at £595, was the chromium plating. I had never seen anything of such good quality at any price, and the fact that chromium can be finished so well at such a moderate figure is a point that other manufacturers might well note, as apparently many of them need guidance in this matter. By the way, the headquarters and showrooms of Nash Motors, Ltd., in St. John's Wood Road, are well worth a visit. Built on to what was a drab example of a nineteenth-century villa, they exhibit a really imposing frontage, just opposite the entrance to Lord's.



Mr. F. S. Bennett, Managing Director of the English company of Nash Motors, Ltd. (right), beside his Nash "Advanced Six" Saloon Limousine. The partition behind the driver winds down, making a comfortable open saloon

***

THREE or four years ago the Sternol oil people ran a very sporting idea which they called the "five-pound flag scheme," and now it has been revived for a definite run of three years, possibly longer. Cars bearing the well-known Sternol flag, the design on which is not unlike that on the Japanese national emblem, will patrol the roads of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

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ANY motorist in possession of proof that he is using or has recently purchased Sternol oil may challenge the driver of the flag car by giving six toots on his horn, and on producing his evidence will receive a five-pound note forthwith. I cannot in the limited space which is available here give a full and complete list of all conditions, but they are quite simple, and I advise readers to write for them to Sternol, Ltd., Royal London House, Finsbury Square, E.C.2.

E. M. WRIGHT.

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The full significance of this achievement will be appreciated when it is realised that the car was an absolutely standard 5 seater Saloon without any special tuning up except new valve springs and plugs and carried its full equipment including bumpers, head lamps, two spare wheels and tyres, luggage grid, etc. Yet for 73 laps the Graham-Paige Saloon raced round Brooklands at between 78 and 81 miles an hour, with never a falter, never a hitch, and completed the 200 miles in 2 hours 34 minutes 17·72 seconds, the average for the last lap being 80·33 m.p.h. What other standard car in the Graham-Paige price range can furnish such outstanding proof of performance and durability under conditions of strain?

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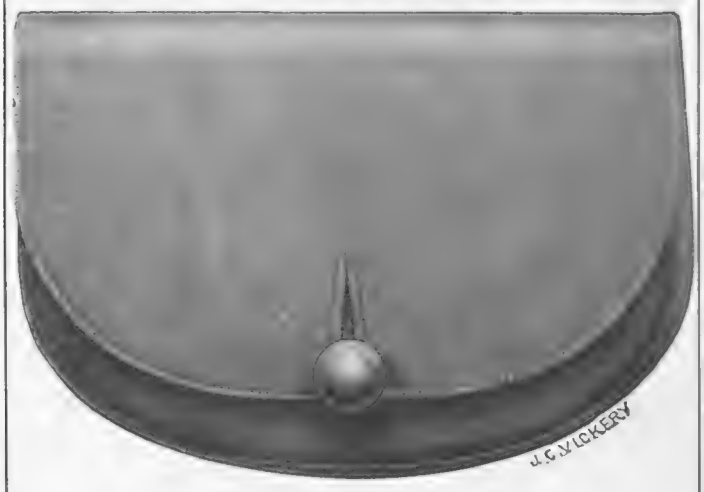

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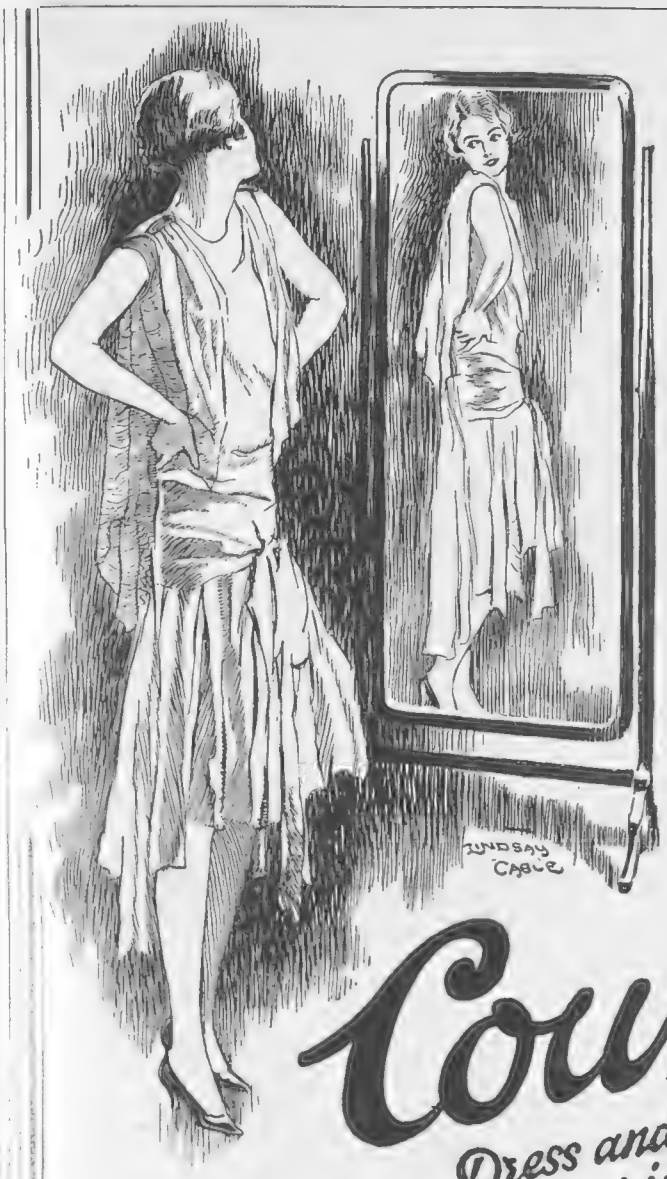
FASHION'S FANCIES

A luxurious note is discernible in the Paris collections for the coming Season, and never is this more marked than where evening clothes are concerned. Wraps are of the utmost importance and in many instances form a definite part of the dresses they accompany. Straight coats, heavily beaded and spangled, with wide scarf draperies, are allied with chiffon frocks of a matching colour. Transparent lamé is worn over satin dresses printed in the same design. Capes, plain, or composed of flat frills of varying widths, look well with very long gowns. In such instances the choice is easy, but a real flair for clothes is needed when one has to select a cloak which will do for many occasions and be equally happy with several frocks. On this page our artist has sketched just such a coat in the salons of Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge. It is made of lustrous pearly-pink satin—a shade which subtly blends with almost every colour—and is decorated with an inverted scarf drapery embroidered in pearls and diamanté. The flared front balances this and helps to stress the higher waistline which is now the vogue, while the fullness of the collar and the melon cuffs interpret Fashion's very latest edicts



A dainty suggestion in "Courgette."

DRESS creations are never enchanting solely because of **cut.** *The expert begins with an idea—and expresses it by means of a lovely fabric. Otherwise, the desired drape or line would be wanting; that is why COURTAULDS' FABRICS appeal so strongly—their range of weaves and weights and colours provides for every purpose, every purse. For Ladies' and Children's dainty Spring and Summer frocks, for practical, quickly-made under-things, COURTAULDS' FABRICS offer you the very utmost in quality and variety. Just to mention any of the COURTAULDS' FABRICS named below at your Draper's or Store is to receive an unparalleled choice of lovely, useful and dependable shades and designs.*

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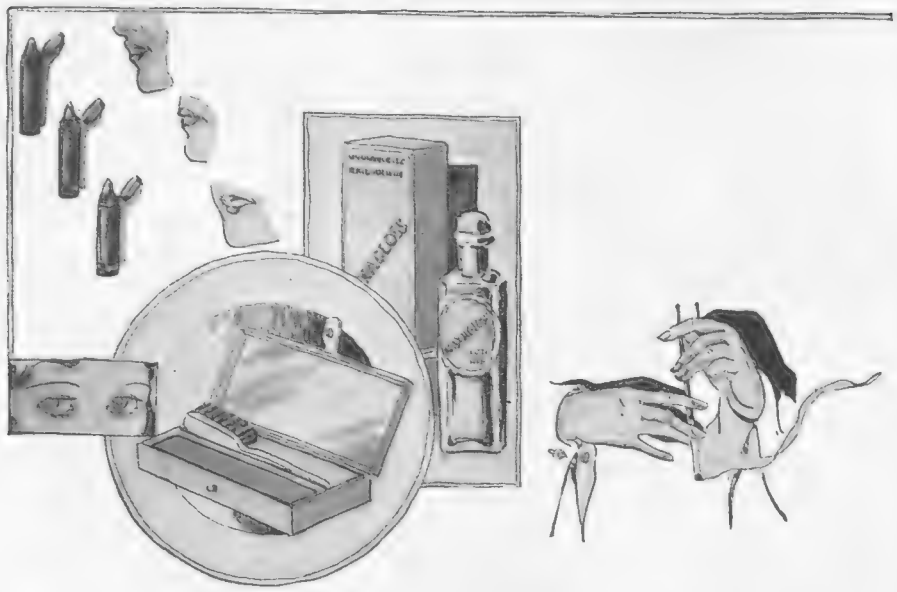

Beauté Cosmetique darkens the lashes and adds to the expressiveness of the eyes, while Beaute Lip Rouge is indelible. Noxagloss imparts a rosy lustre to the nails and is waterproof

Modern Jewellery

THE wearing of jewels is in these days a very carefully studied art, for in many cases they are meant to definitely accent a particular aspect of an *ensemble*, and their importance cannot therefore be overestimated. They are an ideal medium for the introduction of colour notes, while designs should be chosen that will subtly stress the lines of the gown. Earrings have been worn by women ever since they first evinced any interest in personal adornment, and, though they are frankly barbaric, they have never been discarded, simply because they are undoubtedly the most flattering of all forms of jewellery. Their colour should intensify the lustre of the eyes and the tone of the skin. Their shape should suit the face. For instance, studs are usually becoming to thin ones, and long pendant shapes look well with full faces. Necklaces, too, must be selected with care. A very long chain on a short woman can look absurd, while chokers, though very smart, are not for everybody. Cascade necklaces of tiny crystal beads are enjoying a vogue, some having as many as twenty strands. They may be white or vividly coloured. Large paste brooches and fobs sometimes take the place of buttonholes, while flower brooches or enamelled clasps may be worn in the same way.

Natural Beauty

IT is obvious that the first secret of all beauty is health. The skin is beset by such enemies as dirt and the vitiated air of cities, and it is therefore essential that its health should be protected by preparations which are based upon scientific research. Lait Innoxa is compounded by Docteur Francois Debat, a famous skin specialist. It cleanses, softens, and whitens the skin, and makes it radiantly alive. Illustrated at the head of this page is the Royal Beauty box, which may be obtained at the Innoxa Salons, 38, Old Bond Street, W., where free consultations and advice are given, and where wonderfully beneficial treatments may be received. It costs 14*s.* 6*d.*, and contains complexion milk, skin tonic, day cream, and powder. The Beauté Cosmetique is made in brown and black. It darkens the lashes without causing them to stick together, and does not cause the eyes to smart. In a charming velour case, it costs 2*s.* 6*d.* Beauté Lip Rouge, which cost 3*s.*, is made in three shades, and is indelible, non-greasy, and waterproof. Another Beauté, Ltd., preparation is Noxagloss, a liquid nail polish which is not a varnish, and which imparts a rosy lustre that is not affected by water. It is easy to apply, and costs only 2*s.* per bottle.

Everything for Baby

HAPPY is the baby who arrives in the spring, for he has all the warm sunshine of the summer to look forward to. And fortunate is the child whose parents go to the Treasure Cot Co., 103, Oxford Street, for all the things that he will need. The Treasure Cot has been designed to make an ideal bed for the tiny person. The framework is made of hard wood throughout, and the washable hammock is of strong cotton duck. The illustration at the foot of this page shows a Treasure Canopy Cot draped in primrose-coloured flower-sprigged organdi. Down silk quilts may be obtained to match. The open table basket is lined and trimmed with primrose silk and net, and is made of whole cane. It holds all the things that are necessary for baby's toilet, and is as useful as it is decorative. Helpful catalogues will be sent free on application.

This Canopy Treasure Cot has been designed to guard baby's comfort and his health. It is draped in flower-sprigged primrose organdi. The table basket is useful and decorative

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which may easily be carried in the pocket or handbag are now being issued at all the branches of the Westminster Bank, for adults or children, free of charge. Compound interest is allowed on every 10s. paid in. Full details of the scheme may be had on asking at the counter of any branch office

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A Wemco Fabric

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"Tricoline" can be obtained by the yard and in garments ready to wear from leading Drapers and Stores throughout the country. If any difficulty, please write the Manufacturers 33, Tricoline House, Watling Street. London, E.C.4.

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The Genuine Material bears the name "Tricoline" on the selvedge. Genuine "Tricoline" Garments have "Tricoline" tab affixed.

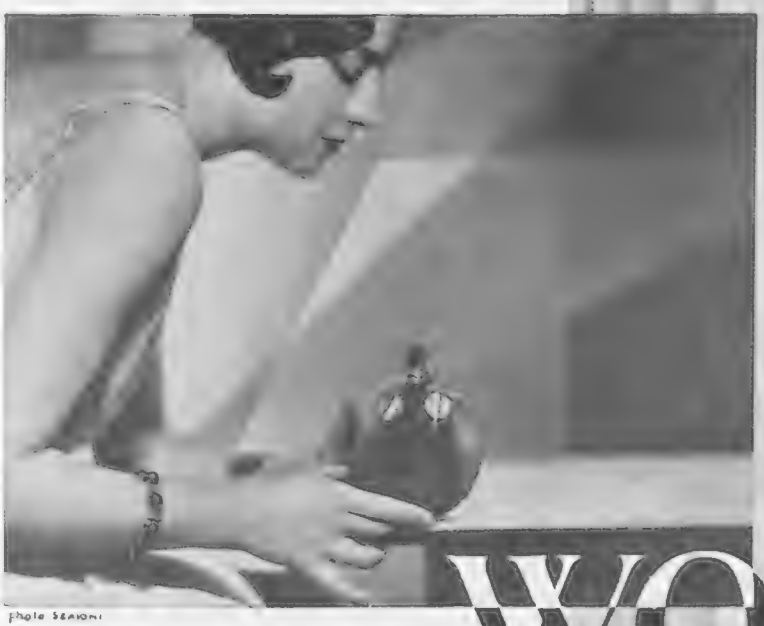

Photo Seaton

"VERS LE JOUR."

WORTH

PARIS: 7, Rue de la Paix.
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DOGS

WHY MISS THE BEST?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

AMATEURS of Dogs who want to see the best that are going, and all on the look-out for a good Dog, should make a point of booking as engagements important Shows to be staged during the next few weeks. Apart from their interest as spectacles, they will be functions at which very useful tips can be picked up; excellent opportunities for examination of the most approved doggy accessories, and for meeting fanciers from all parts of the country, arranging to inspect kennels, and so on.

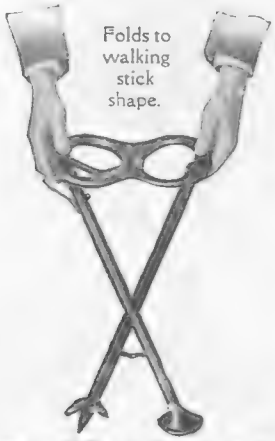
BATH holds its Championship Show on Thursday of next week, and on May 1 will come big Shows at Cheltenham, Portsmouth, and Ayr. The Joint Terrier Championship Show is due at Olympia on May 7, and on the two following days, Wednesday and Thursday, the same big building will be given over to one of the outstanding events of the year: the Ladies' Kennel Association's exhibition, which includes Club Shows of Irish Wolfhounds, Great Danes and Chows, and attracts the stars of all the leading kennels.

"EVEN folk who count several Dogs as members of their households often fail to avail themselves of the many present-day advantages offered," writes a breeder in Hampshire. "A Basingstoke crony of mine has been having trouble among his beloved Cockers and Setters—he rarely has fewer than half a dozen about the house—and I was amazed to learn that he did not know what make of biscuits they had; that his awkward and primitive kennels were knocked up by a village carpenter; and that he himself has not visited a Dog Show since before the War! This sort of thing really is silly. Why not take the good things that are going? During the past decade or so the great Dog caterers who bench and feed the big Shows have spent scores of thousands of pounds over scientific research and practical testing, with the result that they now produce what Dog-breeders all over the world recognise as the perfected forms of Dog foods, houses, harness, clothing and accessories.

TEN OF DIAMONDS

One of Sir Malcolm McAlpine's Waterloo Cup runners, which is now among the greyhounds competing on the Wembley Stadium Track

"THESE experts are now real 'Universal Providers' for dogdom, and, by reason of the practical knowledge behind them, their products, item for item, are worth double the come-by-chance sort, though they cost no more. Anybody can test this for himself at the big Shows, or even by reference to the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3. I have just been looking through Spillers' new Catalogues, and it would be hard to think of any sort of doggy requirement they don't cover as only experts can. There's certainly no excuse now for muddling along with allegedly 'near-enough' makeshifts, and at the best it's infernally wasteful." There's horse sense, as well as doggy economy, in this comment.



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Lounge Suits from 6 gns.
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It's good if it's Druce's

THE LATEST SLAM CONVENTION

By "ACES EASY"

MR. R. F. FOSTER, the G.O.M. of the Bridge world, in his latest book (*Foster on Auction and Contract*, De la Rue and Co., 7*s.* 6*d.* net), has given once more a remarkable volume to the world. One could wish the proofs had been more carefully corrected, for there are certain errors—the wrong player being called the dummy, and incorrect suits mentioned—which mar the work as a whole, but it is only because the general level of the work is so high that one notices these things.

❋

IN the solitary chapter Mr. Foster devotes to Contract, he demonstrates the latest methods of experts in slam valuation and methods of enabling the partner to read with accuracy the cards one holds. South, the dealer, in one case holds: Spades, A-Q-5-2; Hearts, A-K-Q-9-7; Diamonds, A-J-9; Clubs, A; North holds Spades, K-9-7-3; Hearts, 5-4-2; Diamonds, 6-3; Clubs, K-Q-10-6.

❋

THE calling progresses as follows: South calls "One Heart"—an "approaching" bid. Owing to the fact that he holds a singleton in the hand, he eschews an opening no-trump. North, with no intervening bid, calls a couple of hearts to keep the ball rolling. Realising that the hearts are probably solid, South begins to show aces, and this is the point: *the showing of any ace after a suit is "set" denies the possibility of the player holding the ace of any lower ranking suit.* In the example above, for instance, South now bids "Three Clubs." North supports the clubs, bidding four, to show the king of the suit. South now shows the diamond ace, bidding four, but North has no support in that suit, so he shows his second trick in clubs, bidding five. South shows his spade ace with a five bid—now you see how necessary it is to bid the lower-ranking aces first, to enable the overcall to be made as cheaply as possible—and North shows the king, bidding six.

❋

HAVING got to that stage, South realises that he has at least three tricks in clubs, with the chance of discarding his losing diamonds on the two clubs North has announced, the spades are worth at least three tricks, probably four; the hearts should be worth five, with North's support; and the diamonds are worth one. As he has 150 aces to score, he bids the big slam in no-trumps with practical certainty of making his contract.

CONSIDER one more hand: South holds Spades, K-10; Hearts, A-4; Diamonds, 8; Clubs, A-K-Q-J-10-5-4-2. It is game if partner has an ace, so he bids "Four Clubs." West holds: Spades, A-Q-J-9; Hearts, K-Q-J-7; Diamonds, K-J-10-8-6; Clubs —; and would like to double negatively; but there is no such call as a negative double of four.

❋

INSTEAD of passing, or making a speculative call in one of his three suits, West bids five clubs, to force East to show his best suit, and guaranteeing that no club trick will be lost. On five spades to the 8, and the A-Q of diamonds, East calls "Five Spades," and as North had passed the five-club bid, West correctly assumes he has no card of value in his hand. West jumps to a speculative small slam, which is made.

❋

ONE feature is to be noted in slam bidding. Expert players do not allow the bidding to reach game in a major suit if hoping for slams: the bid of four hearts, four spades, or three no-trumps acts as a "stop bid," and tells either partner that slams are out of the question on that particular hand.

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KETTNER'S Regent 4548.	B. Vivari (Manager)	Wednesday	Varied
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VERREY'S Mayfair 6032.	"Sunny Jim"	Wednesday	Dancing 9—2 Ambrose (Verrey's) Band

The menu of a luncheon served at the Carlton Restaurant. It has been signed by M. S. Pratesi

The list printed on this page is compiled from authentic information, and will be found useful to "Bystanders" both at home and abroad.

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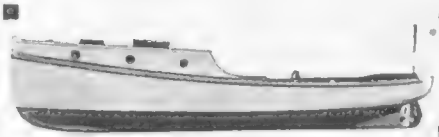

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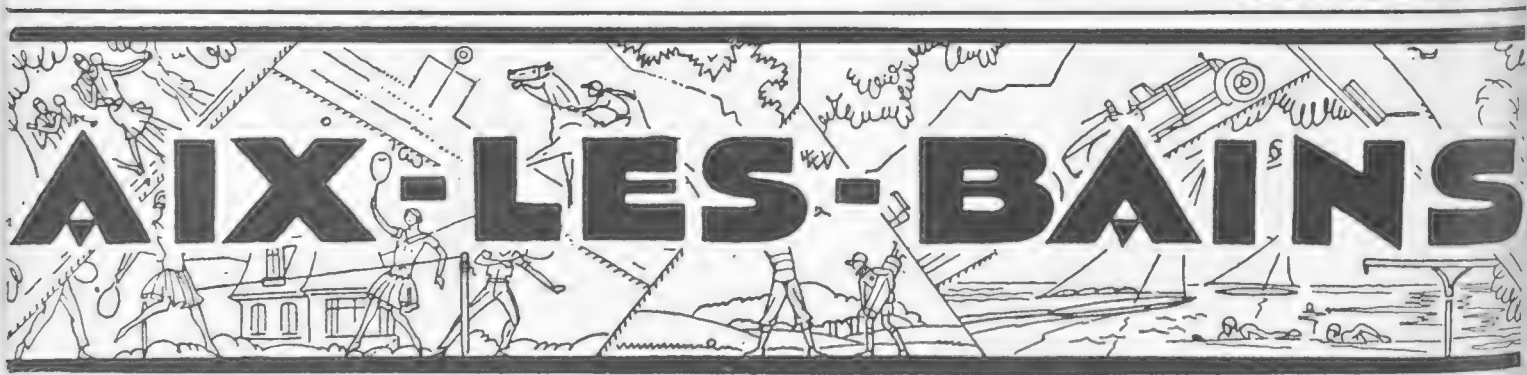
THE BERGIUS Co., Ltd., DOBBIE'S LOAN, GLASGOW.



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gently massaged into the Hands and Arms will keep the skin soft and white and free from all roughness and redness. Cultivate the Larola habit and you'll never need to worry over the appearance of your hands. Try it on your face, too, you will be surprised at the improvement.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Ice from Oil

A new refrigerator, operated by common paraffin and produced by the Electrolux Company, is a remarkable invention that has been made possible by the co-operation and ingenuity of Aladdin Industries, Ltd.—the world-famous makers of incandescent paraffin lamps—who have adapted the Aladdin burner for use in the Electrolux refrigerator. Until now these refrigerators could only be used where gas or electricity was available, but with the inclusion of the Aladdin paraffin burner these excellent refrigerators can be used anywhere and everywhere, even in remote country districts where the storage of perishable foods is a problem of vital importance. The cost of running these oil refrigerators is practically negligible, they will operate for three or more days without attention, and are absolutely safe—the burner itself carries the usual Aladdin guarantee. In connection with this invention the Electrolux Company have made complete arrangements for experts to visit and advise all those already using their refrigerators, and also potential users.

Work for ex-Service Men

The following letter has been received from Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe, the President of the British Legion, which is doing so much to help ex-Service men: "I am anxious to draw the attention of your readers to an enterprise which bids fair to give employment to a good number of ex-Service men. Two years ago two ex-officers, with the remains of their War gratuities, started an organisation in the West End under the name of the Ex-Service Men's Valeting Company (q.v. in the London Telephone Directory). One of these officers fought in the Boer War and through the Great War; the other, at the age of 40, joined the 1st Sportsmen's Battalion as a private, rose from the ranks, gained the Military Cross, and was wounded and gassed in 1918. Their venture has been, I am glad to say, an unqualified success. By choosing as their employees men skilled in the work before the War they were able to maintain a high standard, and they so increased their business that they were soon able to employ other ex-Service men. A very valuable beginning has been made in re-establishing unemployed ex-Service men in this trade for the cleaning and pressing of clothes and doing general valeting work, and I hope that all ex-officers and others of your readers will allow such work to be carried out by them."

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One of the beauty spots visited by the Union Castle liners on one of the summer cruises

Pleasure Cruises

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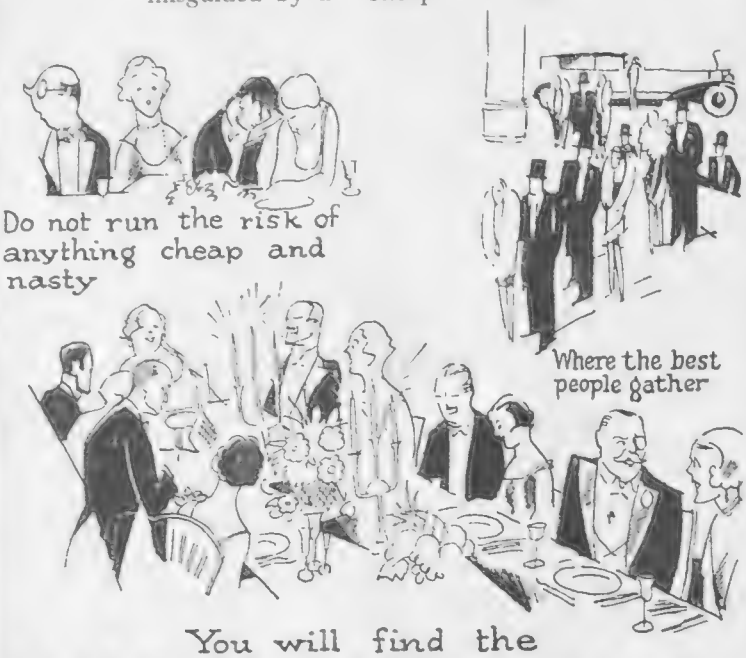

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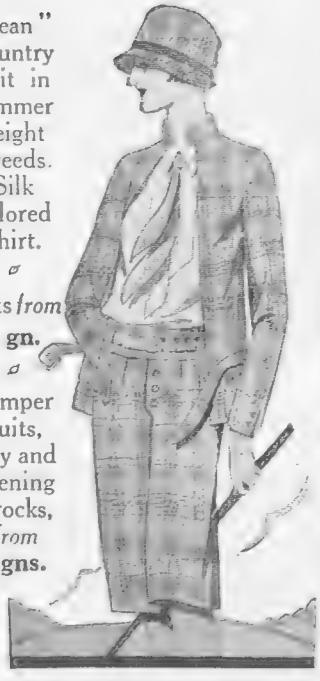

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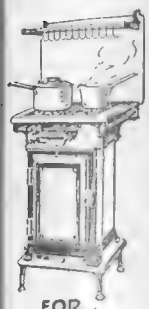

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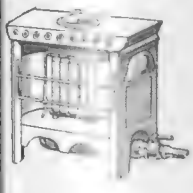

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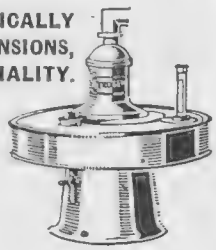

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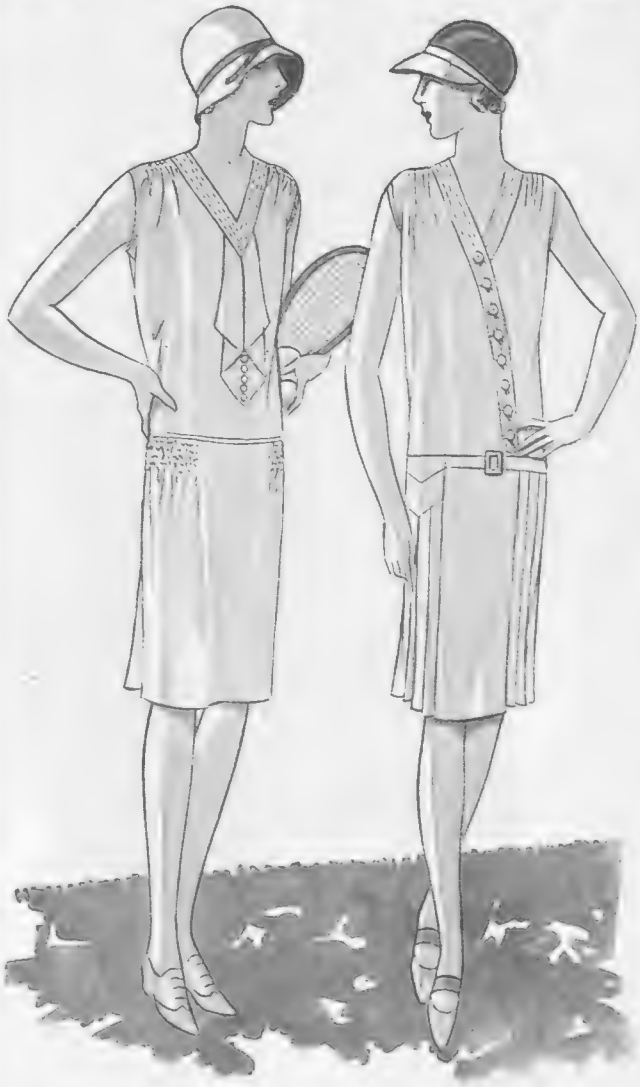

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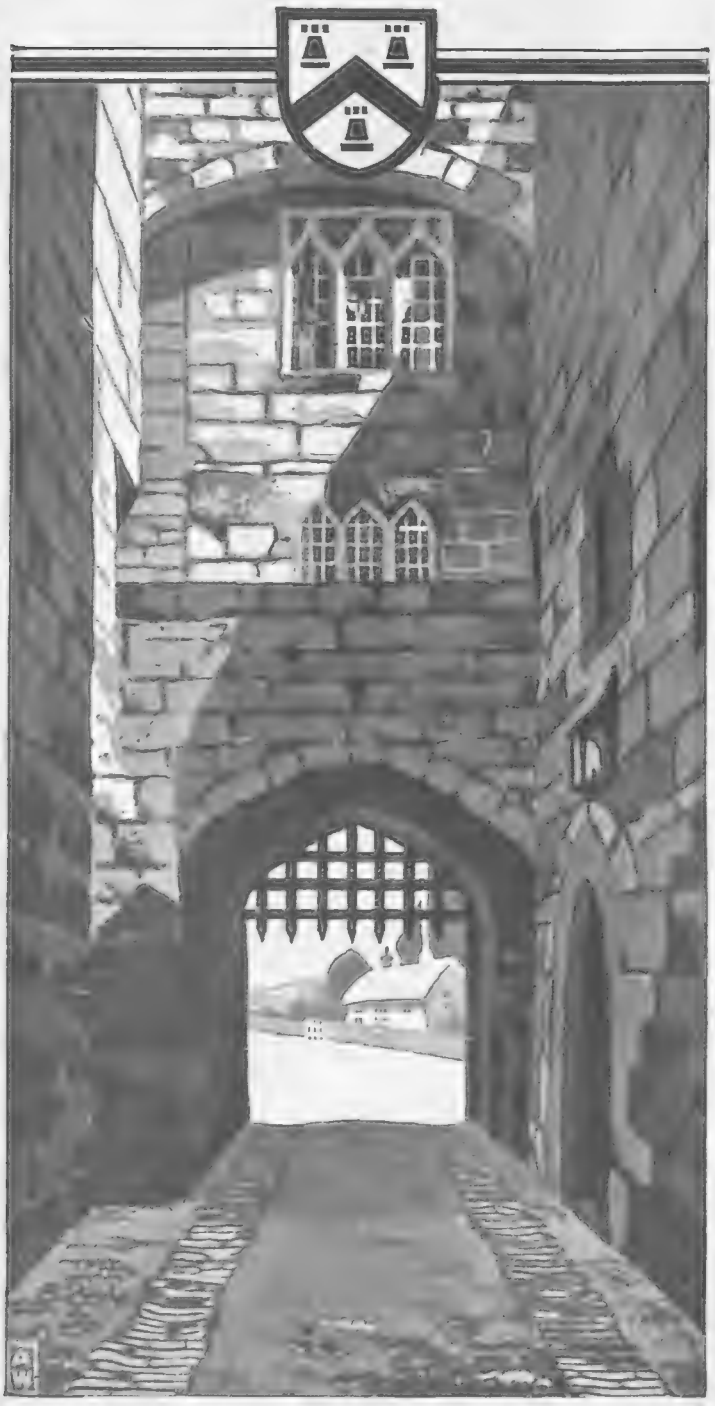

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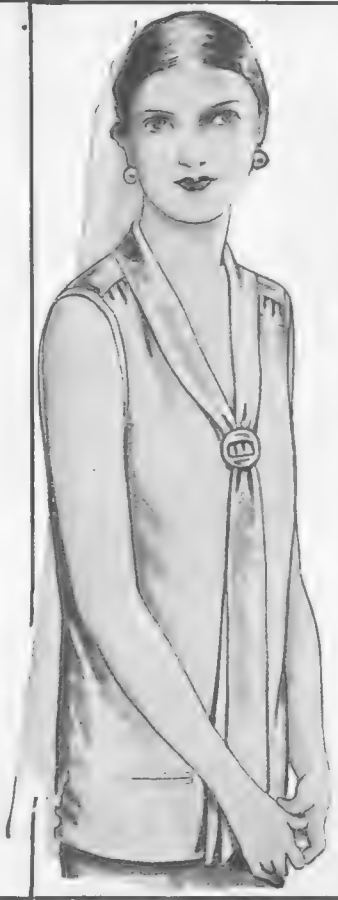

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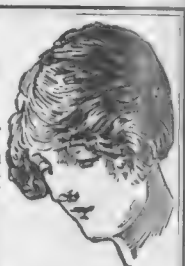

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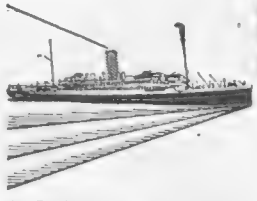

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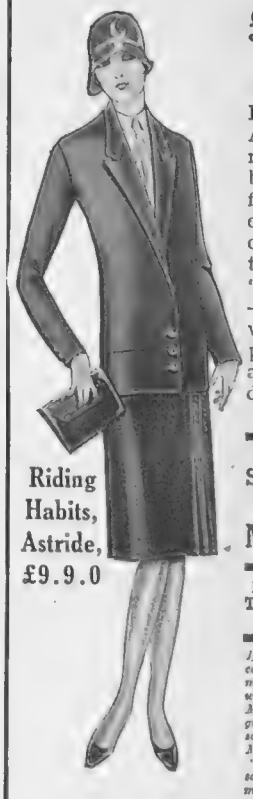

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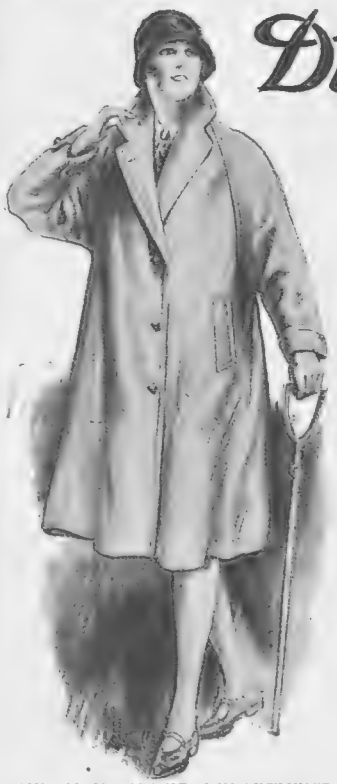

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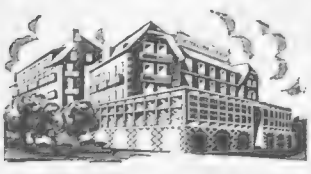

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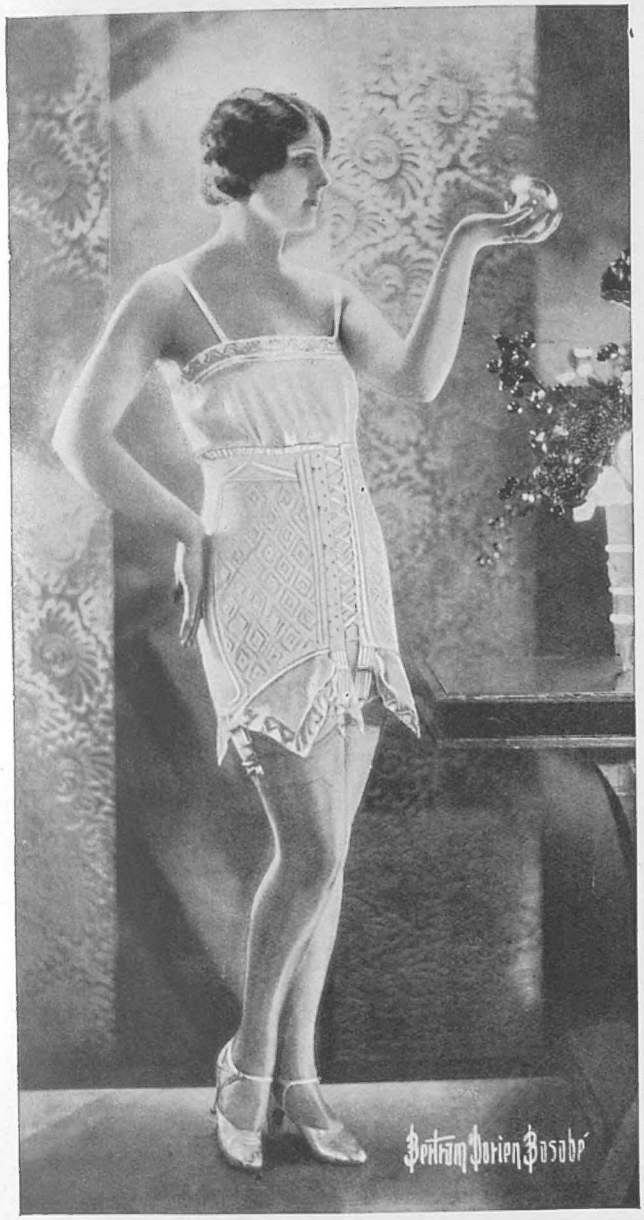

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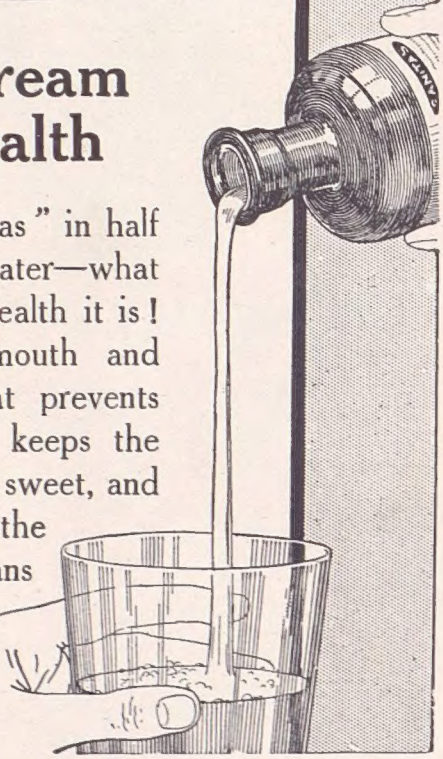

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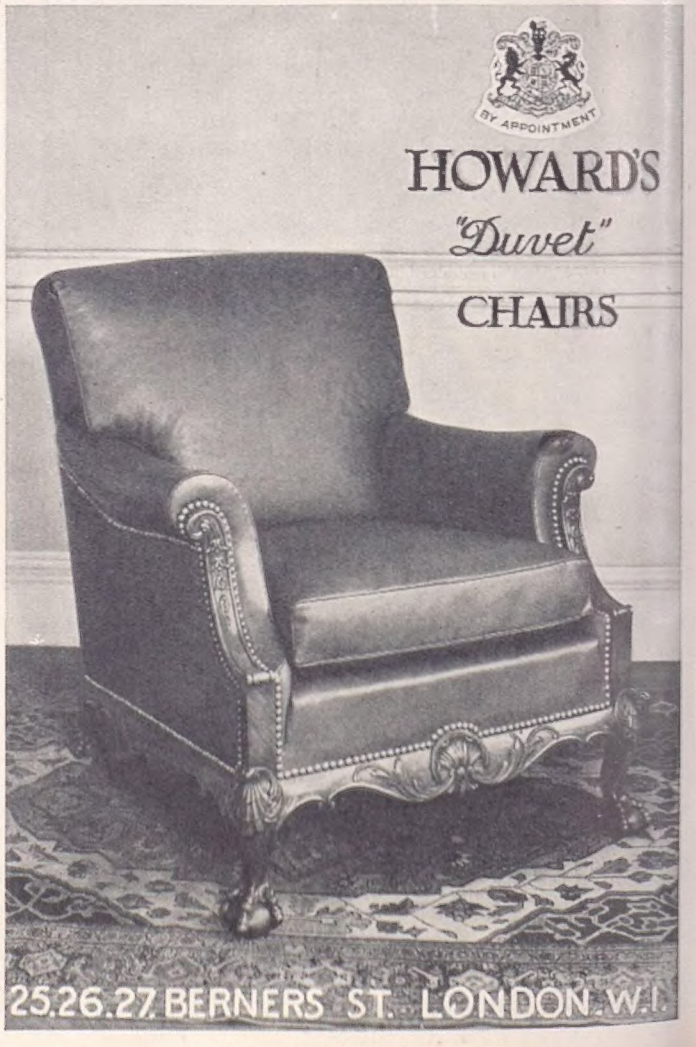

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